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SECOND LETTER TO REV. DAVID A. WASSON.

REVEREND SIR, — I have read with much pleasure your second letter in "The Radical" addressed to me. I do not propose to controvert its positions, or to make a formal reply to it in any way. But it is plain to me, that some of our disagreements are rather verbal than essential; and, as you have written with a candor which is not very often to be met with in theological discussions, I have been led to think that some service might be done to the cause of truth by clearing away these verbal misunderstandings, that the eye might be fixed more steadily upon the real issue.

We are using the words *natural* and *supernatural* in different senses, when it is apparent that we mean the same thing. And this verbal misunderstanding runs through nearly all the discussions which I have met with of late on these and kindred subjects. It is a great pity that so much time should be wasted in mere logomachy, and not devoted to the great questions themselves. Let us try to clear this up a little.

I take it for granted, that every Christian man believes in two ranges of existence. This material plane of being, which we apprehend by the organs of sense, we cannot but believe in, as it infolds us and nourishes us from the cradle. Those who are said to deny the existence of matter, only deny that it exists in itself; or, in other words, that it has any sub-

stratum of its own. The world of sight, sound, and fragrance, which lies over against the senses, and thus becomes an object of perception to the mind, is believed in by both peasant and philosopher; and this, by common consent, is called NATURE, or THE NATURAL WORLD.

In this natural world, there is nothing fixed and stable. All is mobility and change. The very same elements, by new and rapid combinations, produce the most diversified forms; and the minerals, the waters, the forests, the flowers, and the winds that blow over them, are these same elements commingling by new affinities. Man himself is involved in these perpetual revolutions. He appears for a while on the surface of nature, is dominated by it, and then melts into its bosom, and disappears. The order of sequence, according to which all these changes take place, we call by common consent THE LAWS OF NATURE. To discover these changes, and chronicle them, is the business of science. To group them in their class and order, and so determine their law of sequence, is the business of natural philosophy.

The Christian believer acknowledges another and higher range of existence. Nature discharges man from her keeping and domination, and all that the senses knew of him dissolves and recombines in her earths and ethers and flowers. Three hundred generations have thus come and gone. Nature nursed them on her bosom, and then received back their crumbling forms into her unending circulations. The number of human beings, then, who exist at this moment on the surface of the earth, compared with those who have existed, is only an insignificant fraction of that whole which we call humanity; only as a single page of one great volume; only as the last cluster of leaves that flutter in the forest that has shed its foliage.

But Christianity affirms, that, when nature quits her grasp upon man, he still lives on; that only his visible coverings dissolve and recombine with the natural elements, while the man himself emerges beyond her sphere, subject no longer to her conditions and laws. It follows, of course, on the Christian theory, that the three hundred generations of human

beings whom this natural world has discharged from its keeping are still alive and active. Hence Christianity affirms a sphere of life above nature, more vast and more thronged with inhabitants, and whose empire is ever enlarging, since the stream of existence has discharged its immortal contents for six thousand years, and probably much longer, into those endless abodes.

This higher range of existence has been called by common consent THE SUPERNATURAL, because it is above the dominion of natural law. This I understand to be what Christians generally mean when they speak of a supernatural world. It is very true that the word "nature" is made to have other signification, and passes through an extended range of secondary meanings. We sometimes speak of the nature of man as meaning the whole aggregate of human qualities which make him what he is. So we might call all beings and things, from the mineral up to the highest angel, created *natures*; and then, by this definition, deny that there is any thing above nature except God. Or we might follow up this game at definitions yet farther. Cicero writes a treatise "*De Natura Deorum*," and we speak familiarly of the Divine nature, meaning the sum of Divine attributes; and one who should be so disposed might place all beings and things, including God himself, under the category of nature, and then of course it would be very easy for him to prove that the supernatural has no existence.

Plainly nothing is gained in this way, but much time is lost. The words "nature" and "supernatural," or the nature-world and the spirit-world, whether put in contrast or correlation, have a meaning fixed and well apprehended in the popular judgment; and we produce only confusion when we try to disturb it. Herein, moreover, the popular judgment and the most philosophical are in perfect agreement. With both alike, the nature-world is this range of existence conditioned by time and space; whereas the range of existence conceived of as out of time and space, and therefore beyond the dominion of natural law, is the supersensible or supernatural world. Thus Kant uniformly discriminates these two spheres of being, —

nature, the realm of sensible phenomena conditioned by space, and a cogitable world above space, defecated of sense, and free of natural law, and therefore supersensible and supernatural.*

It is unquestionably true, that this Roman word "nature" to the Roman mind comprehended all conceivable existence beneath the divinities, and even involved the gods themselves. But the obvious reason was, that the Roman had no conception of any such order of being as the Christian defines by the word "supernatural." Even when the poets imagine and describe a life after death, they never transcend the plane of natural existence. They make to themselves a realm of being more ghostly and unsubstantial than this of veritable flesh and blood, but always within the conditions of space and time, and therefore under natural law. And, even thus conceived, they generally ascribe to it no objective reality. Julius Cæsar, in the face of the Roman Senate, could deny that there is any future life; and neither Cato nor Cicero murmurs any serious opposition or dissent. For the same reason, I have no doubt a great many modern writers ignore the supernatural, or rule it out entirely, simply because they do not believe there is a spiritual world; or, if they do, it is too ghostly and unreal to be an object of faith or even of thought. I think no one can read the late treatise of Dr. Strauss without perceiving that the reason why the supernatural element in the New Testament is with him essentially incredible, is that the doctrine of a personal immortality is incredible; and that he thinks we are nowhere, the moment we lose our footing from the platform of material nature. But you, who avow in the largest and most unqualified sense the doctrine of a personal immortality, have no such reason for denying the supernatural, or making the natural and phenomenal identical. Is it not conceivable, is it not certain, that the spirit-world, not less than the material, is phenomenal; nay, that its phenomena are resplendent with an unimagined beauty and glory, for the very reason that they are not under natural law, and therefore reflect more com-

* See the Kritik of Practical Reason, *passim*.

pletely the Divine perfections and charms? You believe that man is essentially a progressive being; and, if so, why not say that, when evolved from this rude envelopment which we call nature, his existence, instead of being more wan and shadowy, is altogether more plenary and real; and therefore that the supernatural, instead of being factitious or spectral, most abounds with the immanent life of God? Having done with heathenish unbelief, should we not have done with its vocabulary also? And should not the reason, in the noon-day of its illumination, no longer dominated by sense, but released from its deadly grasp, be brought face to face with supersensible realities, so that their gleaming ranks and far-dissolving perspectives may lie on the soul as brightly and surely as nature does on the bodily organs? It seems to me the consummation of our religious faith and Christian culture ought to give us, — the supernatural world the eternal reality, and nature its feeble adumbration; that the sun-bright substance itself, and this the moving shadow projected on the dial-plate.

I think it equally plain, that the revelation of the supernatural in the natural, by what are usually called miracles, is a subject which has been involved also in needless misunderstandings. How barren of results has been this whole discussion about the miracles! It seems to me that all Mr. Parker's destructive energy put forth in this direction was against an image of straw, or else against certain theories of the universe which needlessly cumber and darken the subject. The most enlightened believers who accept in the main the alleged supernatural facts of the New Testament, accept them, not as the breach of law, but its grandest fulfilment. They do not fall without the eternal order, but within it, as much as the opening of spring-buds by the early rain. Drs. Hedge and Clarke, the former in his "Reason in Religion," the latter in his "Truths and Errors of Orthodoxy," have put this question in a light so clear, and so relieved of false issues, that whoever argues it henceforth after the old fashion ought to be regarded as fighting with windmills. I presume we should have no disagreement on this topic; and so let us proceed to matters where the real issue is made up, and which involve the great

problem that now presses on all earnest and thoughtful minds.

You describe three degrees of revelation. Here I seem to follow you perfectly. Let me put this in my own way, without trying to improve upon your statement.

1. We have first the nature-religions. Their most perfect type in the East is found in the religion of the Hindus; their most perfect type in the West, in the religion of Hellas. In Brahminism, the infinite alone comes to its rights. This has a real, while the finite has only an illusory, existence. The world is only spectral, and man as an individual personal being is only an apparition. So long as he knows himself as a special existence, so long he belongs to the world of illusion; and only when all independent personality is lost, and Brahma alone is and man is not, does man reach his consummation. In this state, Brahma is not drawn down into the individual, but the latter is rapt into Brahma, as the water-drop is one with the sea. The Indian pantheism is not self-deifying, but self-destroying.

Buddhism, the consummate flower of the oriental religions, tries to bring the human, the finite, to its rights; but, in so doing, it loses the infinite altogether. The world becomes real; but God becomes unreal, and vanishes from thought. To the Brahmin, God is every thing; to the Buddhist he is nothing. Brahminism is all centre, Buddhism is all circumference. The former says, "Because Brahma is one only and immutable, all things subject to mutation are unreal: they only seem to be." The latter says, "Because all things are mutable and multiform, they cannot have a single and immutable basis." With the former, man's personality is lost in God; with the latter, it is lost in the world. With the former it is swallowed up, with the latter it is "blown out." In neither do the infinite and finite come to their essential difference, but one goes incontinently into the other.

The Greek religion runs the same course as the oriental, only in an opposite direction. It begins where the latter ended, and ends where the latter begun. It begins, that is, with the finite, bringing it to its rights in full, while the in-

finite retires into the shadowy unknown. Man is divine, and the Cosmos is real; but its deities are all local and finite, and only the dark background of fate dimly shadows forth the idea of the infinite. In seeking the infinite, however, it lost the finite, and warped round completely to the opposite extreme. A deified world for a while remained to the Greek; but since this, neither in itself nor especially to a people so spiritual as his, avouches itself as true, we cannot wonder that this world for the Hellenic spirit sank into nonentity, and that for the Neoplatonist nothing more remained than the All-life, the one Divine Substance before which all the finite is a sham. The Hellenic spirit ended where the orient began, but found therewith its grave. And as its starting-point was where the oriental spirit ended, so was now the whole course of the heathen world completed. Borne back finally, it reached its poor, unsufficing beginning. A true union between God and man is sought in vain, because the essential difference between them is never found. Without denying at all the good contained in these nature-religions, I think you will agree with me, that this summary, though very brief, is true to history.* One deep and crying want of human nature was brought vividly to its consciousness, for whose supply out of the affluence of God the world was waiting now.

2. The second form of revelation, which not inaptly you call moralism, has its type in the Hebrew religion. In this, both the infinite and finite, both God and man, come to their full rights and their essential difference. Neither passes over into the other. They stand face to face, not only in awful contrast, but in dreadful antagonism: one in immaculate and dazzling holiness; the other guilty, sinful, self-condemned, and liable therefore to be invaded with avenging thunders. Under this form of religion, as you justly observe, we are subjects of law imposed from above. The only way to the Divine favor which we know of is by righteousness, by rituals, by

* Any one may verify this in Wüttke's exhaustive work on the heathen religions. See vol. ii., *Geistesleben der Indier*. Also the Introduction to Dorner's earlier treatise on the Person of Christ.

obeying the commandments. It is a hard dispensation to live under, especially for fallible mortals who relapse every day, and must therefore be made haggard with fear and with consuming remorse. And yet how immense is the debt which the world owes to Judaism, since out of its bosom alone Christianity could appear; for God and man must come to their full difference before they can come to a true unity. I quite agree with you, that there are forms of belief called Christian, which are little in advance of this hard Jewish type. Ebionitism, and the old Socinianism working its way to heaven, and working hard — are little else than salvation by the ritual of legal and moral righteousness.

3. The third and highest form of revelation is that in which God and man, having found their true difference, find also their blissful unity. It is that in which God yields himself to our sinful humanity, not to invade it with his thunders, but to flood it with his cleansing love. I do not see how this could be described in language more graphic and impressive than your own. The Christian Church has imperfectly apprehended this in what it calls the atonement, in which, though a great truth is involved, it is cumbered with provisions that belong to the nature-religions, and not to a Christianity which ought to extrude their corruptions, and rise clear of them. It is that delightful consummation of our religious experience when we are not "servants," but "friends;" when we feel neither our sins nor our virtues any longer imputed to us, but taken up as the burden of an Almighty power in which we are folded and made trustful, as childhood in the maternal embrace.

Having gone with you thus far, I am sorry to part with you here. But the question of all questions must now come up; — how are Divinity and humanity thus reconciled without having one merged in the other and extinguished by it, yet assuring to the latter God's exceeding peace?

Precisely here, as I apprehend, are the distinguishing power and glory of Christianity, not as a nature-religion, not as an intuition of the soul gone down in sin and darkened by it,

but as a Divine disclosure FROM ABOVE. The Christ is not a normal development of our weak and depraved human nature, but an opening down to it of the Divine nature to transform the human, and take up the burden of its sorrows and woes. These are the terms, not only in which he is given to us in the records, but in which through all the Christian ages he has found the soul, and drawn it up into that august divine friendship.

As our object is not controversy, but statement, let me describe wherein, as it appears from my position, Christianity is an advance on the nature-religions and the Jewish; and wherein, from yours, it appears a hopeless relapse into the former.

By the terms in which Christianity is given to us, God is revealed, not merely as a power, however vast and intelligent; nor as a lawgiver, however just; but as a Divine Humanity expressed and ultimated in a Divine Life. This is set forth in great variety of phrase, and in the whole life of Jesus Christ upon the earth. If he is only a natural development of our sinful humanity, he is not the man of the simplicity and sweetness of spirit which you make him to be, but of the most intolerable self-assertion and arrogance. Think of the best man among us getting up and proclaiming to his fellows, "He that hath seen me hath seen God." — "No one knoweth the Father but me, and the men to whom I shall reveal him." Nature tells us of God's power and majesty, less of the Divine personality, nothing at all of the Divine humanity and tenderness. She nourishes man and insect alike, and then crushes them alike into the dust. Love, mercy, forgiveness, communion, fellowship, and prayer, have scant meaning in her code, as her laws involve us and grind us to the earth. But in Christianity, if we abide by the terms of the record, God is revealed to us in his fatherhood, personality, tenderness and grace; not through our darkened humanity, but from above it; and, as such, breaks as a new sunrise upon a sinful world.

But this would not have availed, if this had been all. It would not have availed, that is, to reveal God, unless

states of reception had been wrought in men fitted to receive him. Man must stand right towards his brother, or he never can stand right towards his God, and be receptive of him. Hence the new code of human fellowship which Jesus labored to inaugurate. Every man is a part of every other man, this in sum was the new doctrine, and on this Jesus founded his society of believers called a church. Until that were done, there was no organic form for God's reception and conscious indwelling amongst men. But Jesus left eleven disciples, the first organized form of this kingdom of universal love. What followed? The God who had been revealed had now a place to come in. As soon as man stood right towards his fellows, the Divine love and blessing came and swept his soul like a lyre. *The procession of the Holy Spirit* followed inevitably in the logical sequence of events. God, newly revealed as divinely human, began to flood our wasted nature with his life and power, and hence the new dispensation of the Spirit as the inheritance of after-ages.

Now, we lose all this when we sink Jesus Christ into our common humanity, and make him merely its natural product. Make him only a normal evolution from it, and not the Divine Word descending into it from above, and we are pushed back more than eighteen hundred years, and set down at the precise point where the nature-religions would leave us. Unless we resort to moralism, we have no longer any religion *which brings the Divine and the human to their difference*, and therefore no true and living concord between them can ever be obtained. Let the Christ sink down into our human nature and be lost in it, and the inevitable tendency of our thought then is—if I may use a bad Germanism for want of a word—to *subjectify* the Deity. As the supreme personality, existing above man while immanent in him, the distinct object of all thought and devotion, he fades away from the scenery of the soul, and only in our finite humanity has a concrete and conscious existence. Moreover, we lose the Christ, not merely as the descending word, the opening down of the divine into the human, but we lose him as a form and type of human nature itself. For go through the records, and

eliminate carefully every thing in the life of Christ as there given which presents him as superhuman and supernatural, and every thing, too, with which these are essentially interlaced, and what have we left? Nothing which we can reconstruct into any figure that has form and outline. The Christ, whether as a revelation of the personality of God, or the possibilities of man, evanishes and disappears from history. He is a phantom of the mist, but no being of flesh and blood. Strauss is candid enough to acknowledge this. Having ruled out the supernatural, he describes the meagre shadow that is left, and confesses that about no great man of history is our information so unsufficing as about Jesus; that, while the image of Socrates, four hundred years earlier, stands out distinct in the clear Hellenic atmosphere, the form of Jesus looks out as scarcely human from the fog of Jewish fantasy and Alexandrian fanaticism.*

If we forego, then, Christianity as a revelation, not through nature, nor through our dark and finite humanity, but from above them both, we are set back into the fortunes of the nature-religions to go through the same gyrations. We lose that which shows the infinite and finite in their eternal difference, and so merge the one in the other. If the divine comes to its rights, it devours the human; if the human comes to its rights, it swamps the divine; and there is no real union and atonement. Do not say that I imagine all this. What is the grand metaphysical drama, just closing in Europe and just beginning here, but the circuit of the old nature-religions performed anew, simply because the mediating Christ disappears from it? In Hegelianism, man is lost in God. In Comteism, God is lost in man. One is all centre, the other is all circumference. In one, we have only the infinite and absolute; the finite is spectral, and the human personality dies back into God. In the other, we warp round into the opposite extreme: the finite is real, and God is nothing; and the human personality dies back into the world.†

* See *das Leben Jesu für das deutsche Volk*, pp. 621-3.

† Cousin virtually acknowledges the truth of what is here stated, when he says, "The history of the philosophy of India is an abridgment of the whole history of philosophy."

Do not misconstrue me as imputing any views to yourself which you do not personally acknowledge. I speak, in general, of what seems to me the inevitable gravitation of human thought, gratefully acknowledging that the reflected light of Christianity, or what I should regard as such, often warms and ripens the germs of good in human character, as it fails to do always under its noonday beams; and that under every form of religion there is, in some degree, the influx and imbreathing of the Holy Spirit. None the less heartily and strongly would I hold to Christianity as a revelation from above, as the essential instrumentality of human progress. And I have no fear of any general and permanent relapse into naturalism, inasmuch as I do not believe the Divine Providence will throw away eighteen hundred years of history.

Thanking you for the rare spirit of candor and courtesy which breathes through your letter, I am, dear sir, yours in all goodly human fellowship,

E. H. SEARS.

A WORD ABOUT PREACHING.

WE can almost utter it in two short sentences, — 1. Preach your highest, your best, your largest, your most illumined, your most Christian thought; and, 2. Be what you preach.

Preach your best. The preacher is called to be an apostle; he is separated unto the gospel of God; he does not stand in the pulpit, or go about in homes which ought to be Christian, to share with others any lower or worldly moods into which he may have been betrayed, — to shed abroad darkness, coldness, and despondency. He has an ideal to present, — glorious things which have been revealed to him once at least on the Mount of Vision and Transfiguration; a truth and righteousness and love of God in Christ. We like this solemn question; and it is more to the purpose that the candidate should be able to answer it with a modest yet firm "I trust so," than that he should have the certificates of many professors of theology, — "Do you trust that you are

inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for the promoting of his glory, and the edifying of his people?" We would not say, with some counsellors, "Preach what you are;" preach down to any present level; because the people have a right to the minister's best, — even to what he sees only, as it were, reflected from a mirror. "I want," said a parishioner, "for my minister one who believes more than I do." Body, soul, and spirit must be made to yield their increase. The Christian ministry is an unceasing act of faith. It is at once a thoroughly ideal and a thoroughly practical occupation. The preacher must always be reaching up to that which is above him. He must preach, not himself, but Christ Jesus the Lord, just as the disciples and evangelists preached him who swept them away from the fishing-boat and the receipt of custom, — from the land in Cyprus, and the school of Gamaliel. The preacher is a prophet. To prophesy, in old language, is to preach. Prediction of future events entered only in the smallest measure into the old Jewish conception of the prophetic office. The preacher must still speak of that to which he has not himself attained, even though in so doing he may be condemning himself.

And yet, on the other hand, we say, Preach your best, yet not as one who is only a preacher, however for the hour earnest and even inspired. The Church needs something more than even first-rate acting; and so, Be what you preach. Apprehend that by which also you are apprehended; grow into the grace which is by Christ Jesus. Herein are success, facility, eloquence, breadth, variety. Important in other callings, genuineness is absolutely indispensable in this. In the Christian ministry, more than in any thing else, we want the man as well as the word, — the man to be the impersonation and the incarnation of the word. God helps us by persons. What is the institution in our day without the person? What is the creed without the life to recommend it? Christianity is not a new theory so much as it is a new life. This is the record, that God hath given us eternal life, and that this life is in his Son. The minister of the gospel is

nothing, unless he receives and imparts this divine reality. If, in the providence of God, through unpropitious circumstances, he fails to impart it, it shall nevertheless be an unspeakable comfort to know that he had it to impart. This is the grace of apostleship, passing on from generation to generation; supernatural, and yet inseparably blended with our being and character; in us and going from us, though not of us. There are those who say that the efficacy of the priestly office is not conditioned by the spiritual and moral quality of the priest. The direct opposite is the truth,—that we can truly give only so far as we have truly received. “What God hath joined together let not man put asunder.” To Him, as to all his earnest children, the mere religious functionary, metropolitan formalist, or village gossip, is an abomination.

Be what you preach in doctrine. Every true Christian doctrine is the expression of Christian experience, the answer of God in Christ to some voice in the soul, the bread from heaven for the hungry heart, the word of love that pronounces our sins forgiven. There is a great deal of preaching which is in an unknown tongue,—preaching which is unintelligible alike to preacher and hearer; vague or merely traditional talk about the highest themes,—sin, Christ, prayer, providence, immortality; mere parrot repetitions; true, but not true to the speaker; mere preaching, which is not so good as acting, and not much better than cant. Of course, you will fall into no such speech as that; and yet such is our mortal infirmity, that we all need to be reminded that words which have the best sound in themselves—fragrant, hallowed, heavenly—are, of all words, the most disappointing and hollow, when the heart does not more and more flow into them, and fill them with meaning. The people must have a drop, at least, of your very heart's blood. The only way to preach Christianity in its richness and variety, in its great doctrines as well as in its moralities, is to be a Christian,—so truly a Christian that you cannot withhold your Christian reasonings any more than Paul could withhold them. Let us be Christian, and then the dogma and

sect will take care of themselves; and we shall be High Church or Low Church, orthodox or heterodox, right wing or left wing, as it pleases God: then we shall no longer be told that doctrinal sermons are tedious and useless. If we find praying efficacious, and are in that what we preach, we shall easily persuade the hearer of the efficacy of prayer. If we find that God cares for us, and directs us in all our way, we shall easily persuade the hearer to trust in that infinite power and love. If Christ is still, even in these last days and at these ends of the earth, our Saviour, we shall so speak of his mighty help that the words shall be as real to the hearer as the speech of the man of science, when he tells of well-ascertained laws and proven facts. Be real, at all costs: one word which shall be a part of yourself, rather than a thousand words in an unknown tongue, however learned and eloquent; one word which shall be the true solution, wrought out in struggle and prayer, of the mystery of your own life, and it will be the interpretation of many other lives, and the key to many a dark saying and Scripture parable of old. Be what you preach,—not a mere Scripture-reader, or gospel story-teller, or rehearser of pious commonplaces. It would not be so hard, perhaps, to construct an automaton which should give forth orthodox preaching: orthodoxy itself—right believing—must be of the heart and the life.

Be what you preach. That will settle for the people of your charge a very important and often-mooted question, that they shall have a pastor as well as a preacher. One who should have been wiser once said to the writer, "Go to those who can help you make your sermons: do not concern yourselves about the rest." It was wretched counsel. Help in making the sermons the preachers all need, we know; but Christianity may be sacrificed to sermonizing. And what is it that we preach save the law of love? Our doctrine, if it is Christianity in any sense, will be a doctrine of sympathy and helpfulness, of self-sacrifice for the good of others,—the doctrine of a new life to be lived in and for others, a communion and fellowship in Christ. Unless we preach this, we do not preach Christianity, no matter how

diligently we may discourse upon the natural and the supernatural, upon science and faith. One may be a useful Christian lecturer, and yet not a Christian evangelist. Preach the gospel. Be what you preach. Then you cannot choose but be a pastor as well as a preacher; a minister *at large* as well as a minister,—the mere incumbent, as the significant word is, of a pulpit; a true servant of man as well as a servant of a particular people, providing indeed, and of your very best, for your own household, and yet not unmindful of the command to preach the gospel to every creature: then the pastor will not go to the homes of his people because they will complain if they are not visited, but because the new love in his heart is drawing him to them, that he may be the helper of their joy and the consoler of their sorrow. Let the preacher stir up the gift that is in him in the way of all good learning, and yet remember that the failure to rejoice with those that rejoice, and to weep with those that weep, is a fatal incompetency. It was argued of old that the orator must be a good man; how much more the preacher! It is not to be denied that this is a solemn trust which is committed to him. It is the peculiarity of his calling that it demands character. We ask for it in other callings, because it is the only adequate assurance of genuine work. In this high service, we can almost dispense with all else; and a busy world has a right to demand of its servants in Christ a special proficiency, not only in the theory, but in the practice, of religion. How else can they stand up amidst the careworn workers of this most intense age, and not be ashamed? And if some man shall say, "What Pharisaism is this that would be better than others, and make every thing turn upon character?" we can only reply, Consider the calling, friend, that we have been bought with a price, and are not our own; that it is not we who speak or act, but the Spirit to whose blessed fellowship we have been committed, and without whom there is no true ministry. We are nothing, if we are not light in the Lord. Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify, not you, but

your Father in heaven. It is true, indeed, that these things are impossible with men ; but the things which are impossible with men are possible with God. In humblest reliance upon that mighty help, the work of an evangelist is to be done. Let that which is perfect come in the soul, and that which is in part shall be done away. We must give ourselves to the reconciling God, that through us he may now, as of old, seek and save the lost, and gather into the fold of the good Shepherd his poor, wandering sheep. And may the part and lot of the Christian preacher ever be with all glad and successful workers !

E.

 HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

 TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

LVI.

WIE SCHNELL VERSTRICH, O HERR VOLL MILD UND HULD.

From the Berliner Gesangbuch. In eigener Melodie.

How swift, O Lord, most kind, most bountiful !
 Has flown a large part of this mortal living !
 Should I, of all thy love, a full account be giving,
 How vast would stand my debt in sense and soul !

O Father, God ! how gracious to bestow
 Gifts fair and full upon me undeserving !
 And did there fall some grief, the soul unnerving,
 It was that I should not presumptuous grow.

Yea, to thy loving-kindness Thou hast stood
 For ever faithful ; but I oft have broken
 The solemn word the tongue and heart have spoken.
 Forgive, for thou hast known how it was rued !

So much already lent of this life's whole
 Should have advanced me far in ways the highest ;
 But, oh, how powers of flesh will press the nighest,
 And still how weak and backward hangs the soul !

Oft think I, if those many vanished days
That have, in folly and in worse, been wasted,
Could be brought back, or might have longer lasted,
Oh, how much better they would meet thy gaze!

Yet, might I not thy gracious favor find,
No saving health could ever be my portion;
And life's remainder, like a vain abortion,
Would pass no better than the days behind.

Wouldst Thou see fruit on branches dry and sere,
There must come down from heaven creating power:
My whole redemption, Lord, is of thy dower,
My sense and soul, my being and my sphere.

On, on, ye flying years! still onward bear
To reach your goal, and with a double fleetness;
I would not stay you for your earthly sweetness;
The sooner gone from hence, the sooner there.

The longer, Lord, I tread this mortal land,
The fuller grant thy glad illumination;
And my poor light burn clearer on its station
Till I transfigured be at thy right hand.

N. L. F.

 LVII.

WER BIN ICH, HERR, IN DEINEM LICHT?

From the Berliner Gesangbuch. *Melody*, — "Ihr Seelen sinkt," &c.

Who am I in thy light, O Lord?
Know I myself as thou dost know me?
And, if I for thine own should show me,
Would nought within belie my word?
And is thy yoke borne cheerly still?
And is thy law my chosen, sainted?
Or is my foolish heart contented
With idle wish for steadfast will?
Appear I always what I am?
And am I what I am pretending?
Know I what way my course is bending?
And sound my word and thought the same?

Abashed, O Lord! make me to be,
 If e'er untrue thy Spirit found me!
 Thou, who in heart and mind dost sound me,
 From every falseness set me free.

Still hold, O Lord! my eyes awake,
 And keep my feet still persevering:
 The spirit would be onward steering;
 The timid flesh would falter back.

Thou, who the sovereign Helper art,
 Wilt never leave the weak forsaken:
 Beneath thy strong arm they are taken,
 Till fast and sure are step and heart.

Of life the inner Life be Thou!
 Come, of my spirit be the Spirit!
 Let no false wishes disinherit
 The heart wherein Thou rulest now.

N. L. F.

CHURCH AND STATE.

A SERMON BY CAZNEAU PALFREY, D.D.

REV. II. 15.

"THE kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord and of his Christ, and he shall reign for ever and ever." These words occur in the course of a description of a prophetic vision, in which future conditions of the Church and the world were unveiled to the eye of the Christian seer. They give promise of a blessed state of things, in which all the kingdoms of the world will be thoroughly imbued with Christ's spirit; when all human law will be brought into harmony with Christ's law; when all social and governmental institutions will be conformed to Christ's standard, and administered on Christian principles. The gospel manifestly tends to the product of such an effect. It is compared to leaven, the operation of which does not cease till the whole mass into which it is introduced is leavened.

It deals indeed, first and immediately, with individual hearts: it aims to kindle the affections, to quicken the conscience, to mould the character, to guide the life of each one of its disciples. Living hearts are the soil into which the seed of the word must fall, ere it germinates and blossoms, and brings forth the fruits that bless the world. All the various forms of social, civil, and political life are the product of the average opinion, sentiment, conscience, of the community. They express the aggregate character and will of the members that compose society. All the changes that are continually taking place in them, sometimes abruptly, and sometimes so imperceptibly that they can be noted only by comparing together remote periods, are preceded and caused by changes in the opinions and feelings of individuals. The habits and forms of society, indeed, when once established, re-act with mighty power on individuals, and serve to perpetuate the character in which they originate. They are the last product of individual feeling, and are the last to experience the effect of change in that feeling; but they cannot fail to experience it eventually. Imagine for a moment that every soul in a great nation should be suddenly imbued, more thoroughly and deeply than any community has ever yet been, with the spirit of Christ; how quickly would they find very many usages of society, and forms of civil and political life, created and entailed upon them by less pure and righteous generations, unfit for their use! and how soon would all social forms that obstructed the free operation of the new spirit that possessed them be broken up, and others be provided that would better express its character, and be more fit to become its organs! That is the way in which Christianity effects its reforms in the world,—by the conversion of individual souls. When the Christian element is once introduced into a soul, it possesses it entirely. It pervades its whole life. In whatsoever sphere the Christian man is called to act at all, he is bound to act as a Christian: especially when he comes to act in the highest sphere of social duty, to fulfil his obligations as a member of the State, either by depositing his vote for the election of public officers, or by taking upon himself

the high function of making, administering, or executing the laws, is he bound to do all in the name of Christ. Surely he should not leave his religion behind him, in entering upon this important sphere of action. But, if in this sphere, Christian obligation were universally felt and acknowledged, the State would be already Christianized.

Such a happy state of things, which we must all feel to be so desirable, and to which so many of the promises of our religion point, would be a most complete union of Church and State. We are accustomed to speak in the strongest terms of condemnation of a union of Church and State. We congratulate ourselves that all attempts at such an union are precluded by our Constitution. No greater odium could be attached to any sect or party than the imputation of a wish for it. No more conclusive objection can be brought against a measure than that it points in that direction. I do not wonder at that feeling. Understanding a union of Church and State in its common acceptation, it is a right and wholesome feeling. It has been usually understood to mean giving to some existing church or denomination the support of the government, making its forms of faith and worship the State religion, and placing its offices at the disposal of the civil authorities, whilst all other religious bodies are, at best, but tolerated, perhaps prohibited or persecuted. It is easy to point out theoretically the evils that must necessarily ensue from such an alliance; and we find abundant exemplifications of them in history. It tends to corrupt the simplicity and purity of religion, by making it a mere formal and stately observance, instead of an inward experience. It discourages the exercise of a free religious spirit, and offers a strong temptation to a hypocritical profession of the creed of the State Church. It occasions the exaltation, to the highest places in the Church, of ambitious and intriguing men, instead of the truly good men whose characters would diffuse the best religious influences in the community. The Church has too commonly repaid the support it received from the State, by finding a religious sanction for the worst acts of the most tyrannical rulers. The arbitrary government of the Stuarts

was constantly upheld and sanctioned by the doctrine of passive obedience, which the Church of England zealously preached in their behalf. The temporal dominion of the pope — an example of the most complete union of Church and State — has long had the reputation of being the worst-governed country in Christendom. And, at the opposite extreme of the Christian world, there once existed, for a brief period, a no less intimate union of Church and State. I mean among the Puritan Fathers of New England. They were driven almost of necessity, by the force of circumstances, to try this experiment. The Pilgrims were a Church. The tie which bound them together was their church relation to each other. It was to enjoy their Church, to secure the freedom of organizing and conducting it on the principles which alone seemed to them right, that they first went to Holland, and afterward came to these shores. But when they came here, and found themselves out of the limits of their charter, with no authority from the parent State to organize a civil government, they were forced to make a government for themselves. They entered into a civil compact with each other, and chose their rulers, before they left the Mayflower. They were never for a moment on these shores without a government. They left Leyden a Church; they stepped upon Plymouth rock a State; yet not the less on that account a Church still. Their Church and State were one. Their State was the Church applying itself to civil functions, as the necessities of their condition demanded. That was their excuse, if they need one, for the close union they instituted between Church and State. They themselves probably did not dream of needing one. This state of things was exactly conformed to their ideal. A band of earnest Christians, bound together in church fellowship, it seemed to them perfectly natural and right, that none but church-members should vote in civil affairs. The rule, when it was made, scarcely excluded any one. They did not think, perhaps, that it ever would exclude an inconveniently large number. This system worked well, so long as the circumstances in which it originated were unchanged. But, as the colony increased, and men of different

stamp from the first settlers came into it, the evils necessarily consequent upon the system developed themselves. The Church was seen to have become a spiritual aristocracy in the State; the elective franchise was continually offered as a bribe to a hypocritical profession of religion; and men who were too honest to accept that bribe felt themselves to be unjustly deprived of a natural privilege.

All such kinds of union between Church and State as these of which I have spoken cannot be too heartily deprecated. I do not think we stand in any danger of it. I know of no party or class of men that desires it. But it is one thing to desire and seek for such an alliance of religion with the powers of this world, and quite another to assert that all national acts, all proceedings of government, all legislative enactments, all the policies and councils of rulers, must be brought to the standard of Christ's truth, and approved and condemned according as they can or cannot abide that test; that upon all these matters the Christian conscience of the nation should of right be continually holding its inquest; that its judgments should be distinctly pronounced; and that nations and rulers refuse to heed that judgment at their peril.

A national religion, in the sense of an outward form of profession and worship, to which all, or a majority, are expected to conform, is the least desirable of all things. But a nation, no less than an individual, needs a religion, a vital faith in eternal verities, and a clear perception of eternal right, and a profound sentiment of loyalty to it. A nation, like an individual, needs divine guidance, and cannot go on its way rightly without a sense of that need, and without seeking and following that guidance. A nation is not a mere assemblage of individuals, nor a mere succession of generations. Those individuals and generations have a vital connection with each other. They do not fulfil their destiny by living each for himself, and pursuing narrow and temporary aims. The nation, in its whole extent and duration, is a great and long-lived person, and was called into existence for a purpose, and has a place in the plan of divine providence, and a destiny to accomplish, and duties to perform. It is a

human, a rational, and accountable being, and should therefore be consciously and practically a religious being.

When you look deeply at the foundations of government, you find that they are laid in the religious sentiment. Governments depend ultimately for their security, not on any nice adjustment of the adverse interests of their several departments; nor upon the common interest that all have in the maintenance of order; nor upon the vigilance with which magistrates are able to watch the people, or the people their rulers; nor on fear of the temporal penalties annexed to transgression. The framers of our constitutions, after having carefully provided all these, show their sense of the inadequacy of them all, their consciousness that no supervision that human eyes can exercise can avail to secure the requisite fidelity, by exacting of those to whom power is delegated, or any important trust is committed, an oath that they will faithfully perform the duties required of them; *i.e.* they remand them to their own consciences, and their sense of obligation to God, and the spiritual sanctions of the divine law. As, in constructing machines, man merely adapts to his uses forces already existing in nature, and so is able to produce mechanism that will keep in operation whilst he sleeps, because its motive power does not depend upon him; so, in constructing governments, he avails himself of great primal instincts of humanity, which he did not originate, and which do not depend on him for the uniformity of their operation. These great interests of mankind, government, security of rights, social order, rest upon foundations deeper than the hands of man could lay. How important, then, is it that rulers and legislators should ever respect the moral and religious sentiment of the people; that they should beware of weakening the foundations on which all legitimate authority rests, by requiring acts which outrage the universal conscience of mankind!

A nation is as responsible to God as an individual. It must feel that responsibility, and be guided by it in all its national acts. So to feel and act is religion. There is always danger of a nation's losing sight of this responsibility. A

mighty nation, united within itself, with vast resources and a well-ordered government, which can wield the forces of the nation with effect, is the most imposing exhibition of power on earth. An individual who has no faith in any thing that is not perceptible to his senses, who is unconscious of the divine government, cannot keep feeling that he is controlled by a great visible, human power above him. The necessity of submitting to that power supplies to him in some small measure the place of a religion. But a great nation looks up to no earthly superior. It acknowledges no responsibility to any human power. It can be controlled by none. It can work its own will. If it knows not God, it has no restraint. A great and godless nation would be the most awful spectacle the world has ever seen. It would be a blind giant, rushing the more speedily, the greater its strength, to its own sure destruction. The truth is, that the mightiest nation is as accountable to God, and as powerless in his hands, and as sure to be punished for its sins, as the humblest individual. As nations do not exist as such in the future world, they invariably receive the retributions of God's law in the present. No amount of human might can make right; and, though hand join in hand by millions, the wicked shall not be unpunished. If any wrong, injustice, or oppression is allowed to become a part of a nation's settled policy, to enter into the organism of its government, and the public conscience is induced to acquiesce in it, one of two results must follow: either the poison thus introduced into the body politic will eventually work its death, or, if there be yet health and strength enough left to throw it off, it can be done only through suffering and agony. There is no safe course of national conduct, except in accordance with the principles of eternal right. Complete and immediate justice is the best policy. To shrink from doing it, from a dread of evils that will surely be multiplied by delay, is cowardice, folly, and wickedness.

As I have said, I cannot see the least danger of our having in this country a national church, in the bad sense of the words. But, on the other hand, I am far from thinking that

we are a godless nation. With all our earnestness in the pursuit of material things, I can see also many indications amongst us of true practical religion. I think, too, that we have in fact, in the desirable sense of the words, an American National Church, — a church that preaches to this people the gospel of the day; which dispenses to them the Christian truth they need to help them to meet their present trials, temptations, and duties. It is not the Presbyterian or Episcopal or Catholic Church. It is neither Methodist, Baptist, or Congregational. It is not Universalist nor Unitarian. It has no primate, patriarch, or archbishop, to which it looks as its earthly head and representative. Its limits cannot be exactly defined. It is, like the true Church of Christ of which it is a part, an invisible church. The qualifications of its members are in their hearts and spirits, and can be perfectly discerned by God alone. It is composed of true and living disciples of Christ, of every name and church, who have in their hearts a vital faith in his truth, and speak it with their lips, and live it in their lives. Its organs are, not the pulpit alone, but good books, Christian literature, and the daily conversation of every man, ordained or unordained, who has a living word to speak. It seeks no lordship over men's souls. It comes to them like Paul, saying, "I speak as unto wise men; judge ye what I say." It comes to them with the words of the Master himself, "Why even of yourselves judge ye not what is right?" This church has long been speaking in this land, out of the Christian heart and conscience of the people. It has borne a solemn testimony against national sin. It has consoled and strengthened the hearts of the people amidst sore trials, sorrows, and sufferings. It has labored to lead them in those paths of righteousness which are the only ways of prosperity and safety. And it has been heard. It has not spoken in vain. It has been opposed indeed, as truth always has been; opposed sometimes even in the professed sanctuaries of religion. But that opposition was one indication of the power of its word. It has been heard and heeded, and has had its influence on the counsels of rulers and legislators, and on the course of public events.

May it be ever thus with us ! May there ever be present in the hearts of this people, and ever manifesting itself more and more powerfully, a Christian influence, which shall bring all public measures and acts to the judgment-seat of Christ, which shall demand Christian rectitude of all who are entrusted with our public interests, and which shall make of the vast nationality which is to occupy this continent a kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ !

WAITING FOR A BLESSING.

SITTING at the heavenly portal,
Waits she day and night,
Seeking from the gracious Father
Health and strength and light.

Seasons coming, seasons going,
Find her waiting there ;
Year on year, successive rolling,
Hears the earnest prayer.

Grant me, O thou tender Parent !"
Pleads she day by day,
"Health and power once more to serve thee
On my homeward way.

Gladly would I lay before thee
Deeds of active love, —
Thus, by service toward thy children,
Love to thee would prove.

But, if weakness still enthrall me,
Give me heavenly light ;
Through the paths of lowliest duty
Guide my steps aright.

Let me not despise the mission
Gentle words to speak ;
Pity offering to the fallen,
Comfort to the weak.

Slighting not the humblest power
Kindly lent me still :
Like the starlight and the dewdrop,
I would do thy will.

Thus may dust and ashes praise thee,
Till new vigor come ;
Or this frame, its hold releasing,
Send the spirit home !”

Thus she sitteth, watching, praying,
At the heavenly gate,
Knowing that the good All-Father
Blesseth those who wait.

THE CHARACTER OF ZIMMERMANN.

THE fame of his treatise on the “Influence of Solitude” has echoed the name of Zimmermann through the world. Born at Brugg, a little town on the banks of the Aar, near Zurich, he received an elaborate education, covering the various provinces of history, science, philosophy, and poetry. His masculine understanding made him a good proficient in mathematics, politics, and statistics, while his uncommon sensibilities and taste gave him delighted range in the richer field of romantic literature. He was familiar with the Greek and Latin poets, the best German and French authors, and the English Shakespeare, Pope, Thomson, and Young. He must have had by nature, not only a clear and powerful intelligence, but also an unusually tender and noble heart.

He was greatly capable of enthusiastic admirations. When still a mere youth, studying his profession at Göttingen under the celebrated Haller, he felt the warmest love and reverence for this great physician, formed relations of charming intimacy with him, and afterwards wrote a glowing life of him. In his old age, the last flame of his hero-worship broke out with tenacious heat and brilliancy in connection with the king of

Prussia, Frederick the Great. His soul was fitted to enjoy friendship in its most sacred delicacies. His writings and his life abound with the proofs. What a gracious charm of sincerity and fervor breathes in his numerous allusions to his friends in his literary works! This is especially the case when he refers, as over and over he does in his "Solitude," to Lavater, Hotze, Hirtzel, Tissot. He was highly esteemed by his friends, on whom his many noble qualities made their proper impression. We have a life of him written by Tissot, who does full justice to his renowned and lamented associate.

He was exceedingly fortunate, too, in his wife. A niece of Haller, she was lovely in person and mind, with the mildest temper, the softest voice, extreme cultivation and brightness, and fascinating manners. While she lived, she was his sweet and sure asylum from every care. When dying, she said, "O my poor Zimmermann! who will understand thee now?" The first shock of tangible affliction he had known was her death: the second, following a few years later, was the death, by consumption, of his only daughter, whose worth he has affectingly celebrated in his literary masterpiece. Some time later, he married, again, a beautiful and estimable lady, whose assiduous fondness alleviated as far as possible the miseries of his remaining years. For, gifted as Zimmermann was with talents and accomplishments, true and kind as his friends were, widely as his celebrity as author and physician extended, he was still, a great deal of the time, a wretchedly unhappy man.

Now, turning to our author in his character of a morbid shunner of men, a sentimental courter of solitude, let us study him on the reverse of what should have been his rich and sunny side. What is the philosophy of his shrinking recluseness? The unsocial side of Zimmerman was based in twofold disease: first, the mental disease of an excessively sharp and constant desire to be appreciated, to be noticed and admired; secondly, the bodily disease of hypochondria,—that sickly irritability which results from an overtasking of the nervous system. Carlyle says, "He had an immense conceit

of himself, and generally too thin a skin for this world. A person of fine, graceful intellect, high, proud feelings, and tender sensibilities, hypochondria was the main company he had." He suffered dreadfully from what may be called social hyperesthesia, a morbid over-feeling of the relations between himself and others. At twenty, while yet a student in the University, he wrote to his friend Tissot, "I pass every hour of my life here like a man who is determined not to be forgotten by posterity." Later, when established as a physician in his native village, the feeling of his own superiority to the rude people around him destroyed all comfort in intercourse with them. Still later, when promoted to a more courtly sphere, as physician to the king of Hanover, a keen perception of the neglect he received from some, of the envy and gall of others, of the innumerable foibles and vices of most, incessantly nettled and depressed him, and kept him in a ferment of misery. Had he possessed a stable self-complacency, contemptuous of foreign opinion, or calmly superior to it; could he have been content with the approval of his own conscience, trying himself by the fixed standard of duty, — his distress and melancholy would have been unknown. But the idea and desire of being thought highly of by all were nailed to his imagination and heart, and they fastened him in misery.

His impartial biographer says, "Many parts of his work betray the feebleness of his nerves, and the peevishness of his temper. But there was a striking difference between his manners and his writings. When with others, he was always generous, gentle, and polite, incapable of saying an offensive word. He always made his patients his friends, by the unwearied complaisance of his attentions. But the moment he was alone, and at his desk, his urbanity left him, and he grew satirical: his natural energy, his vehement love of virtue and hatred of vice, carried him away, and he painted the worse characteristics of men in the liveliest colors." His very words seem to tingle with indignation, when he speaks of hearing dolts praised for their learning, and atrocious villains complimented on their well-known humanity. He seems

misanthropic, only because the glowing height of his ideal of humanity ironically condemns the base deviations from it which are so common. If he said, "Who lives with wolves must join in their howls," he also said, "He alone is fit for solitude who is like nobody, liked by nobody, and likes nobody."

The chief and chronic happiness of man ought to arise from himself and his own conduct. Feeling that his witness is on high, he ought to be satisfied with the approval of his own conscience, and not rise and fall in soul, like a barometer, with the favors and frowns of other men. The misery of Zimmermann originated in his inability to secure this self-sufficing independence. It is astonishing to see how clearly he knew the truth he so grossly failed to practise. "It is not," he says, "my doctrine, that men should reside in deserts, or sleep like owls in the hollow trunks of trees; but I am anxious to expel from their minds the excessive fear which they too frequently entertain of the opinion of the world. I would, as far as is consistent with their respective stations in life, render them independent. I wish them to break the fetters of prejudice, to imbibe a just contempt for the vices of society; and to seek occasionally a rational solitude, where they may so far enlarge their sphere of thought and action as to be able to say, at least for a few hours every day, 'We are free.'" Yet the writer of this fine paragraph was never free from the bondage against which he so well inveighs. Vanity was his colossal foible. His elation at the attentions of Frederick, the pomp of happiness with which he proclaims the flattering gift and letter sent him by the Russian Empress Catherine, are ludicrous. And the cleaving agony he suffered from every mark of opposition or undervaluation tends to provoke laughter in one class of spectators as much as pity in another. If the poetic side of his susceptibilities challenges admiration, their personal side is obnoxious to contempt. When he had been blamed for an article which he had published in some medical review, he says, "There arose against me a universal shrieking-combination, a woman-epidemic." It is obvious that much of his pain originated in

the sore imagination that he occupied a greater space in the thoughts of others than he really did, and that he was less favorably judged by them than he desired to be and believed he deserved to be.

Zimmermann has been a prominent member of the Apostolate of Solitude. He experienced it so thoroughly, meditated on it so patiently, in its wretchedness and in its happiness, in its inspiring influence and in its blighting influence; he saw the truths on both sides of the subject so sharply, — that, on the whole, he has handled the theme with remarkable fairness. He has not been frightened by the appearance of inconsistency, but has stated the facts of the case in its opposite aspects with energetic boldness. Here are some of his scattered aphorisms: "Number is the father of impudence; unity is its enemy." "Genius stagnates in solitude: where merit shines, merit is kindled." "Those who are good alone should not be left alone." "We are most of us, even in our maturest age, infants: we cannot go alone." "Great characters are their own heralds, though they have thousands to announce them."

A few hours before expiring, Zimmermann uttered these words, the last that he spoke, "I am dying: leave me alone." He died: they left him alone in his coffin underground, — at least, seemed to leave there such part of him as may be left in any material enclosure; for the power of God reclaims at once his returning child, the bosom of nature soon her sundered elements.

Two generations had passed, when, at sunset, after a day of calm beauty, in the summer of eighteen hundred and sixty-five, the writer of this sketch, a pilgrim from America, stood in the burial-ground of the quiet and quaint old city of Hanover beside that deserted tomb. He pondered the lessons written and lived for the benefit of others by the silent slumberer beneath his feet. He meditated on the different forms of human loneliness, their causes, their accompaniments and results. His musing ended in a peaceful thought, which blended the memory of the once-popular author with the loneliness of death and oblivion, and with a

fame glimmering swiftly over the nations of the earth to subside in the dark silence of the grave. Kneeling then, half-unconscious of what he did, he wrote with traceless finger on the stone, Here Zimmermann drinks his fill of solitude !

W. R. A.

REQUISITES FOR COMMUNION WITH GOD.

ONE evening while I was in the army the conversation between myself and a party of soldiers, somewhat inclined to scepticism, was directed to the promise of Divine help in trouble, which they had just read from one of the Psalms, "He shall call upon me and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble : I will deliver and honor him." They doubted whether it was ever fulfilled otherwise than in the imagination of fanatics. One of them said, there was a certain occasion in his life when he believed he had tried it with all the earnestness and sincerity of his heart. It was in a time of very great family affliction. He had gone into his closet and knelt down and cried unto God from the very depths of his soul, hoping that in some way he would manifest his presence and afford him consolation. But it was all in vain. There was no sign given that he was heard. His grief was finally worn away by contact with the world. And never since that day had he tried to meet God in prayer.

The experience of this soldier is doubtless only a repetition of what is happening in a great number of cases. There are many persons, the world over, who are able to find no reality in their efforts to commune with God. They go to him in the midst of some great adversity and call upon him for assistance. But their petitions do not seem to be answered ; there is no ray of light that falls on their pathway, no word of cheer that is heard in the depth of their souls ; and, as a result, they conclude that this Divine promise is all a delusion, or at least was never meant for them.

Where is the difficulty ? Is there really any such thing as spiritual communion ? Was the promise of God meant for

all ages of the world? And, if so, what are the requisites on our part to its enjoyment?

The difficulty is nowhere but in ourselves. The divine promise was meant for all time and for all lands. Our heavenly Father is always ready to do his part. And, if we ourselves are in a right condition, there is no reason why we should not have the communion of his Spirit as truly now as his children did in the days of old.

First of all we need to have an inward susceptibility to the divine presence and power of God. The person who comes before him with no development of his spiritual nature and with his heart all crusted over with sin, even though it be in the midst of trouble, has no right to expect that he will receive at once an answer to his petitions. The answer may indeed be ready, yea God himself in all the majesty and power of his Spirit may be round about him; but he has no inward means with which to know it. He is like a blind man who goes out of doors to see the sunlight, or a deaf man who tries in his trouble to be soothed by the power of music. How absurd for the one to say that God has ceased to send abroad his sunshine over the earth, or for the other to complain that music is no longer possessed of power to cheer the troubled breast! What they need is to have those senses which were made to take cognizance of sounds and sights quickened into new activity and new life; and then, without any change in the outward world, the music and the sunlight will rush in upon them with all their old power to cheer and console. And so with the man who complains that in the day of trouble he is able to find no relief in prayer and nothing to bring him into communion with God, his first step should be the repentance of sin and the quickening of his own spiritual insight. We are furnished with separate faculties to perceive God, just as much as we are with separate senses for the perception of sights and sounds. Spiritual things are to be spiritually discerned. If we seek after God and are not able to find him, the fact proves not the absence of God but the deadness of our own spiritual nature. We need to be born again; need to purge our hearts of their

impurity, need to anoint our inward vision anew with the power of divine truth; and then, like the blind man, we shall find, as fast as our eyes are opened, that God, even in the darkest hour of misfortune, is all around us in a flood of light, and ready to pour his full richness into every dark place of our souls.

Then, as another requisite, we must understand the language in which the Divine will is expressed. To be conscious merely of a person's presence is the lowest kind of communion, such as we are able to have with nature and with the brute creation, and is not what the soul yearns for in its day of trouble. We wish for a real answer to our prayers, for some manifestation of Divine friendship, some expression of sympathy, some word of counsel and direction, something to make us realize that God is indeed a Father. And how is an answer of this kind to be given? We have no right, none certainly in this age of the world, to expect it will ever come with an audible voice. The day of miracles has gone by; we are living under a dispensation of the spirit. And human methods of intercourse are not the ones we should naturally look for in our relations with God. The written page and the spoken word, however, are not the only means by which, even among men, we are able to hold communion with each other. There are lines and shades on the face so subtle and delicate that only the trained eye of friendship can see them, full of meaning, and which we are able to read as clearly as any thing that was ever put in type or written out with the hand. There are tones and quavers in the voice of those we know and love, which the ear of no stranger is able to interpret, that come to us laden with a far richer meaning than any thing which is conveyed in the words which even they themselves articulate. And oftentimes when we are called upon to communicate with each other under new relations, as in the telegraph and in secret correspondence, we throw aside the old alphabet, and adopt a set of signals entirely new. So likewise in our communion with God;—we speak to him with no audible voice, with hardly the shaping of our thoughts, but with the presenta-

tion, as it were, of our minds phase after phase to his all seeing eye; and he in turn speaks to us with the language of symbols and signs, with subtle impulses and stirrings in the depths of the soul, with sudden flashes of light in the mind, with new thoughts and suggestions from the phenomena of the outward world, and with a delicate breath fainter than the softest murmur of the evening breeze, which comes and goes through all the avenues of our spiritual nature.

It is impossible, -however, that a language of this kind should be understood as a mere natural endowment. It is only in the perfect hush of the soul that we are able to hear the still small voice of God, only when we have gone to him day after day in the morning offering and the evening prayer that we are able to get at the full meaning of what he speaks. The person who has never learned the first word of its interpretation, and who rushes into his presence unfreed from the jar of the world and the revelry of passion, has no right to complain that his prayers have received no answer. It is just as if he were to send a message over the wires to a distant country and then say that no reply had been given because it had come to him not in round English, but in the mystic lines and dots of the telegraphic alphabet. The reply is all there, and given in the only language that the medium of communication will admit of; and there is nothing to prevent him from understanding it but the want of greater intelligence on the part of himself. So in our communion with God, the clearness of the answers he gives us will be in exact proportion to the culture and development of our own spiritual being. When our Saviour was praying at Bethany, Father glorify thy name, and there came a voice from heaven saying I have both glorified it and will glorify it again, some of the people standing by said it thundered, and others that an angel spake; and it was only our Saviour's spiritual ear hearing the same sound, that knew it was the voice of God. When Peter was at Joppa and a great sheet was let down to him in a vision from heaven filled with all manner of fowls and beasts and creeping things, and a voice said, Rise, Peter, kill and eat, it was only

as a meaningless dream until by the spirit of God he was furnished with the right key to its interpretation. In those glorious days of inspiration that we read of in the Bible, when the earth was full of wonders and signs, and when God every day was sending down a message to his children, there were thousands and thousands of dull minds living in the very midst of Israel's prophets and bards, and looking up into the same heavens and abroad over the same earth, unto whom there was no open vision. It is this human dullness, the same now as in the olden time, which is the chief obstacle in the way of our communion with God. The line of prayer is stopped up only so far as it reaches unto our own hearts. It is well known that after that great enterprise of our day, the Atlantic cable, was completed across the ocean, and its messages from Europe actually received on the American shore, there were still some delay and confusion in our obtaining them here, because the short connection between its terminus and our chief cities was so incomplete; and the first thing which had to be done before we could take full advantage of its wonderful power was to re-establish a telegraphic line across the bays and rivers on our own soil. And so in our communion with God. The great line across the infinite depths of the Divine nature is complete. Christ laid it ages ago, yea, there has been something of the kind there from the first sunrise of Eden; but the nerves of feeling, the subtle wires between its terminus in humanity and our own spiritual nature, have been broken down or never truly laid. There are gulfs of passion, wastes of the world, rivers of earthly affection by which the celestial current is interrupted. The great thing we now need is not more clearness, more connection on the part of God, but more intelligence, more means of reaching that connection on the part of ourselves. The stories which are told of the divine counsel and guidance which the quietists and mystics even of our Christian faith have experienced, are based on a solid foundation of fact. The communications of God, so far as he himself is concerned, are not only coming continually over the mighty abyss between eternity and time, but coming as

clear and explicit in the present age of the world as they ever did in the days of old. And when our souls are quickened to perceive them, as now and then they are in all deep spiritual experience, we find the whole world is written over with a diviner meaning: there is a message of his in every flower and in every star; the changing events of life, so meaningless to all other eyes, are the dots and lines with which he reveals to us some glorious lesson of his Providence; and in the depths of our human hearts there are suggestions, intuitions, yearnings and promptings, the touches of God's spirit, which speak to us of divine counsel, sympathy and care as really and truly as though they came to us in the sound of articulate words.

Thirdly, we need a deep and long cherished love between ourselves and God, as a requisite to the fullest communion with him in the day of trouble. It is not merely the presence and speech of a person, but the relation in which he has before stood to us, which is able to give our intercourse with him its highest value. The words of a stranger, it matters not how wise and precious they may be in themselves, are never able to go home to the heart with such a rich and consoling power as those which are spoken by a friend. Who is it that we instinctively seek in all times of trial and affliction? Who does the child cry after when it is sick and pained? Who does the wife write to in the midst of her sorrow and perplexity? Who does the boy think of first when he is cut down on the field of battle? Who the father and mother crave to have around them, when the pulse is beating low and a shadow not of earth is creeping up over the pillow? Is it not always the nearest and dearest friend,—the mother, husband, child, or all of these together? What a richness there is in their sympathy and kindness! We feel the value of them now as we never did before. Their most indifferent and common place actions come to us laden with all the heart's wealth. Who has not felt in his times of trial what inspiration there was even in the glance of an eye or the clasp of a hand, when it came from one that he has known and prized? And the longer and

deeper our affection for each other has been, the more precious and powerful is the aid which our friends are found to give us in our time of need.

And so it is in our communion with God. If He has been to us only as a stranger, if we are going now for the first time into his presence, it matters not how great on his part are the manifestations of divine glory and kindness, they never can come home to our souls with all their meaning and power. It is only so far as we have loved him in the past, only so far as we have laid hold not only of his truth but of his heart, that we are able to experience the full worth of his communion. The power of his presence is intensified with all the holy memories and associations that we have clustered around it. The face unto which we have looked with thanksgiving at the marriage hour, is able to shine upon us with new brightness when we go to it for consolation at the parting of death. The words of Scripture, that to the careless eye are endowed only with a common place meaning, are changed into jewels of priceless worth when we have learned to read them as the utterance of a loving Father. And, like the page of black and white whose crooked words traced by the hand of wife or child have a line of beauty and a glow of light within them such as no grace of art or richness of color could ever give, the dark and crooked path of life, yea the very sorrow out of which we pray for consolation, is found by those who trace its meaning by the heart's glow to be the writing of some answered prayer and rich already with divinest cheer.

This subject is one which comes home to every human being with a deep and practical significance. In the midst of health and strength, in the sunny days of prosperity and pleasure, in those gladsome hours when the smiles of friendship are lavished full and rich upon us, we may indeed forget God, and at least content ourselves with the communion of earth. But these lower blessings will not last forever. The day of trouble is sure sooner or later in all human experience to come upon us. Our health and strength will waste away, the shadow of adversity creep over our sky, our beauty

be turned into ashes, the sweet ties of friendship now so mighty to uphold our hearts, snapped asunder by the grave. And it is then that we shall feel the need of an arm to lean upon mightier than aught of earth, then, if never before, that we shall cry out for the communion of God.

But with all the goodness of our heavenly Father, and with all the force and frequency with which he has promised to hear us in the day of trouble, it will not do for us to wait till that day actually comes, in the thought that we shall then, as a matter of course, be able to receive it. The question as to whether it will be really ours depends not on the avenues of our earthly thought and feeling, not on any sudden opening of our hearts to have it, but on the spiritual preparation that we have made already with many an hour of still and secret worship in the depths of our being. What is light to him who has no eyes to see it? What is counsel to the mind which has never been trained to understand it? What is love, even the priceless wealth of divine love, to the heart which has no yearning for its immortal blessings? The man of wordly and material life, the one who has never cultivated the inner hearing and sight or who in health and strength and the presence of earthly companions has deliberately cut the acquaintance of God, has surely no right to complain that he is not able all at once to get into the audience chamber on high, or to understand the everlasting speech. It is now in the day of health and strength, now in the fulness of our powers, now while the way of knowing him is laid open so plain before us, that we need to feel his spirit, to read his language, and to open our hearts to his wealth of love. The long line of communion that we would use in the darkness and storms of winter we must lay down in the bright summer days, when the skies are fair and the seas are calm. And when this is done, when we have once established the means by which his influence subtler and swifter than electric fire shall be received and read in our souls, there is no disappointment so dark that the touch of his spirit will not be able to brighten it, no burden of sickness and care so heavy that the inspiration of his counsel will not

make it light, no anguish of bereavement so bitter and keen that the whisper of his love will not wreath it over with consolation. It is in the solitude of earth that his voice will have its richest meaning, in the night of sorrow that his smile, starlike, will shine the brightest, in the place where the weary head rests only on a pillow of stone that our prayer, like Jacob's ladder, will reach the highest into heaven.

J. C. K.

SOME OLD BOOKS.

I AM sitting in a minister's study. The shelves around me contain a motley collection, the result of the various wants and tastes of at least three generations, male and female. Here are theology and history, novels and poetry, children's story-books and well-worn school-books. Here are keepsakes from the nation, in volumes of Public Documents sent by some member of Congress to his reverend constituent; and here are keepsakes from the State, in the School Reports of bygone years. Here are presents from friends, each probably suggesting to the owner some interesting memory of the past; and here are books bought of travelling agents, which apparently, not having been wanted, have never been read. Here are old books of architecture, full of plans of old-fashioned houses, with immense chimneys and never a closet. Here is an *Encyclopædia*, published sixty years ago, and therefore slightly deficient in some matters of a scientific and an industrial character, to say nothing of history and general literature. Here are aids to Scriptural interpretation, Rosenmüller and Schleusner; and here is an old copy of Doddridge's prolix but sensible "Expositor."

Perhaps among these volumes there may be some which are old enough to be new; worth looking at for something curious about them, if not for something edifying.

Here are Sterne's sermons, or, as the oddity who wrote them chose to entitle them, "The Sermons of Mr. Yorick," borrowing a name from the jester of whom Hamlet makes

honorable mention. Here is Sterne's portrait, however, with his true name under it; and looking, in spite of clerical gown and wig, as if he might have something in him, of him whose name he affected, — "a fellow of infinite wit and humor." Eighty years ago, when Dodsley published these volumes, they were very popular, their way having been heralded by the single sermon that Corporal Trim reads in "Tristram Shandy." Now their eloquence is as antiquated as Shandy's free and easy wit. Their present owner might plunder thoughts from them *ad libitum*, only — he would have to read them; a task, which, I think he has not frequently undertaken.

Here is a thin volume in German, the "Poems of Hölty," who died at the age of twenty-eight, in 1776. Its titlepage bears the words "Edited by his friends, Frederic Leopold, Count Stollberg, and John Henry Voss." So the literary aristocrat and the stern, laborious schoolmaster read together, not always with dry eyes, the lines of their fellow-student, sometimes tender and sometimes sprightly, and felt their own friendship knit more closely by the memory of their friend. Alas! who can tell the future? Nearly forty years had passed from the days of that brotherly labor, when, in their old age, the divergent tendencies of their respective castes estranged the nobleman and the man of the people. Stollberg joined the Catholic Church; and, in his position and the state of Germany at the time, the act had not only a religious, but a political and literary importance. The example was a dangerous one to the cause of intellectual advancement; and Voss came to the rescue of that cause, against his old friend, in a book entitled "How lost Fred. Stollberg his freedom?" (Wie ward Fritz Stollberg ein Unfreier?) The count died soon after; people said, of a broken heart, though that supposition is not necessary to explain the decease of a man over seventy. He left, however, a reply to Voss, ably and gently written, which was published after his death; and the old age of the great champion was embittered by the controversy that ensued.

Oh that true-hearted men, arrayed on opposite sides, — as they will be, from the imperfection of human knowledge and

the strength of prejudice, — could but learn to do justice to each other !

The following translation from Hölty was written several years since, independently of the beautiful version by Rev. C. T. Brooks : —

THE NIGHTINGALE.

Oh ! she is gone that sung the songs of May,
 The minstrel bird,
 Who thrilled the wide grove with her melody,
 No longer heard ;
 She whose soft tones deep in my bosom sank,
 When by the stream
 I lay, that, mid the flowers upon its bank,
 Is seen to gleam.

From her full breast how clear that song arose,
 That silver sound !
 Echo, from out her cave, at every close
 Light murmured round,
 And country songs and rural minstrelsy
 Responsive rung ;
 And maidens moved in simple dance, by thee,
 Bright moon ! o'erhung.

On mossy seat, a youth with rapture listens
 Each heavenly note ;
 His young bride's eye with deep emotion glistens
 As round they float.
 They press each other's hand, as thou art heard,
 Gently and still :
 They would hear none but thee, though every bird
 Should prove his skill.

They listened till afar was heard to rise
 The evening chime,
 And Hesperus the pathway of the skies
 Began to climb.
 Then homeward turned, fanned by the breath of May,
 Their gentle breast
 Filled with soft feelings, awakened by thy lay,
 And pleasant rest.

Here is an old book, picked up by a friend of the present owner, in a New-York bookstore. It is "The Decrees and Canons of the Holy and Œcumenical Council of Trent," a small volume in Latin, bearing date, Antwerp, 1694. The lower part of the titlepage represents the council in session,

the sacred dove hovering over the assembled fathers. Here, too, are the effigies of the Popes, Paul III., Julius III., Pius IV., under whose reigns the council held its long-drawn sessions. Venerable men they were, if these pictures represent them rightly. Perhaps they cherished the hope, that the council to which they gave their sanction would restore the Church to unity under the sway of their triple crown. But that rule, though it answered a purpose in Divine Providence during the dark ages, was never to be restored to what it once had been. As "the dead nations never rise again," so is it with institutions which no longer represent the feelings, nor answer to the wants, of mankind; and such is the papacy, notwithstanding its wonderful tenacity of life.

This volume, however, yields in age to another; for this copy of the Septuagint version of the Old Testament is, in spite of its modern binding, upwards of two hundred years old. It was printed at Cambridge in England, in 1665. Its titlepage exhibits a hideous female figure, bearing in its extended hand the sun and a chalice, with the motto, *Hinc lucem et pocula sacra*, and identified by an inscription below as *Alma Mater Cantabrigia*. The volume was once the property of "the Right Hon^{ble} Sir Thomas Trevor, Knight, Lord Chief Justice of Her Majesties court of common Pleas," as we are informed by the title under the armorial bearings of Sir Thomas, and bearing the date of 1702.

As I handle this old volume, my thoughts go back to a more distant antiquity, the age of the Ptolemies in Egypt, by whose order this translation of the Old Testament into Greek was made. What was the true origin of its name, — the Septuagint, the Seventy? The legend is, that there were seventy learned men sent from Jerusalem to Alexandria; that each in a separate cell translated the whole Hebrew Bible without aid from the others; and that, through the directing agency of the Holy Spirit, the numerous versions were found in perfect agreement. The truth that underlies this story, probably, is simply, that there was a large number of persons employed in the translation, and that they worked harmoniously and successfully. They were Jews, and had never heard of the

Trinity; an encouragement to us to believe that Unitarians can work together, however rare such agreement may be in our day.

Even a scholar may find this copy of the Septuagint not easy to read; for, as if Greek were not hard enough, every contraction is introduced which can make the text look more crabbed. If you want to consult the Septuagint, look rather at this, the earliest attempt by an American to render the Scriptures into English. It is the "Translation of the Bible," by Charles Thompson, Secretary of the Revolutionary Congress.

Whoever remembers Trumbull's picture of the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," will recall the tall figure of the secretary, as he stands by the side of Hancock, to receive the important document from the committee who present it. This patriot statesman was led to his theological labor, if I have heard the story rightly, by an accident. He chanced to be in an auction store as an odd volume in Greek was offered for sale. He bought it, found it to be a part of the Bible, and amused himself by translating it. Some time after, he bought another volume in a similar manner; and, struck by the coincidence, completed his work. The New Testament is from the commonly received Greek text; but on the famous passage, 1 John v. 7, there is a note, stating the most important critical grounds for the rejection of the passage, and quoting Beza and Calvin against considering it, even if genuine, as applicable to the doctrine of the Trinity. The Old Testament is from the Greek of the Septuagint; and is of interest, as exhibiting the differences that exist between that version and our common bibles. Those who have read Stanley's "History of the Jewish Church" are aware that these differences are considerable. There is a psalm in the Greek which is not in the Hebrew,—consequently not in our bibles; and, in the historical books, sometimes the order of arrangement is different, and sometimes additions are made to the text. The additional psalm reads thus in Thompson's translation:—

"I was little among my brethren, and the youngest of my

father's family. I fed my father's flocks. My hands had made an organ, and my fingers had tuned a psaltery. But who will tell my Lord? My Lord himself heareth. He sent his messenger, and took me from my father's flocks, and anointed me with anointing oil. My brothers were comely and great, but the Lord did not delight in them. I went out to meet the Philistine, and he cursed me by his idols. But I drew his own sword, and cut off his head, and took away reproach from the children of Israel."

Few will suppose this psalm to be genuine; and the other alterations and additions made in the Septuagint have still less claim to consideration. The result of an examination of this version is to make one value more highly the venerable original, and the translation from it that is in common use.

The translation of Secretary Thompson, both in the Old and the New Testament, is faithful rather than elegant. Sometimes it is literal even to a fault; yet it not unfrequently sheds light on the meaning of the original. There are occasional notes, such as that already spoken of, showing a knowledge of scriptural criticism which could scarce have been expected of an American layman in the last century. Few, probably, even among the clergy, then gave a thought to any other bible than that of King James's translators. The work which Secretary Thompson undertook was in advance of his age; and, creditable as his learning and abilities were, the magnitude of his task was far beyond them. His attempt is nearly forgotten; yet it was an honorable one to himself and to the rising nation, which thus brought its earliest contribution to the cause of scriptural interpretation.

Here is another book, "The Works of the Right Reverend Father in God, Thomas Wilson, D.D., Lord Bishop of Sodor and Man." It is in two volumes folio, the second presenting to us the portrait of the good bishop, with fair, round, pleasant English face, arrayed in his episcopal robes, and holding in his hand a map of his singular diocese, the Isle of Man. A strange little island it was, anciently a kingdom in itself; and, even in this bishop's time, governed according to its own quaint old laws and customs, by a deputy appointed

by the Earl of Derby, the heir of its ancient sovereigns. The allusion to it in one of Wordsworth's sonnets, and the description in "Peveril of the Peak," lead us to take up with interest the works of its venerated bishop. He presided over its spiritual interests for nearly fifty-eight years, from his consecration to the episcopal office to his death in 1755, at the age of ninety-three. His office was not without its difficulties, the worst of which was a collision into which he came with the temporal authority of the island, in a matter of church discipline. The bishop excommunicated the governor's lady, and the governor retorted by fining and imprisoning the bishop. Both parties were apparently in the wrong, but the bishop was at least conscientious: the sufferings he endured brought into clearer light some of his noble qualities, and the sentence against him was reversed upon his appeal to the king in council.

Among the bishop's works we find his "Sacra Privata," an aid to Christian meditation which is still in use; and many prayers and treatises of instruction. A "History of the Isle of Man," and a "Form of Prayer for the Herring Fishery," remind us of the peculiarities of his location. There is a very curious work, entitled "The Indian Instructed," in the form of a succession of dialogues between an Indian and a missionary. The child of the forest is a model of courtesy and intelligence, listening to the missionary's long explanations of abstruse doctrines, not only with patience, but with an eagerness to learn and an ability to understand which are much more edifying than probable.

But, though we may smile at the portrait drawn from fancy, by one who understood Arminian theology better than he did the characters of North-American Indians, we cannot look over the good bishop's life, without rendering to his memory our cordial admiration. If he was tenacious of his spiritual authority, he used it uprightly. If he would not bend to the assumptions of the civil power, neither would he retaliate when the advantage was on his side. He refused to bring a suit for damages against the governor who had imprisoned him; and to another who had been prominent in opposing

him, he afterwards had the noble revenge of affording relief in circumstances of distress. Zealous in all that related to the religious instruction of the islanders, he was attentive also to the relief of poverty among them, raising the portion of his revenue which he appropriated to charity as his means increased, till more than half appears to have been thus devoted. His bishopric was the poorest in the realm, but he refused repeated offers to change it for another. It entitled him to a seat in the House of Lords, though not to a vote; but he could never be induced to attend, saying, "The Church should have nothing to do with the State. Christ's kingdom is not of this world."

"See here, my lords," said Queen Caroline, as he approached on some occasion when he had to attend at court, "is a bishop who does not come for a translation."—"No, indeed; an't please your majesty," said the bishop, "I will not leave my wife in my old age because she is poor."

And with the pleasant contemplation of such a character in a Christian minister, we leave for the present our meditations among the books.

S. G. B.

SCRIPTURAL AND PHILOSOPHICAL ETHICS.

GIBBON, in speaking of the religion founded by Zoroaster, remarks, that any form of belief, in order to attain wide and lasting influence in the world, must, in many particulars at least, inculcate such moral precepts as are in harmony with those perceptions of right which are inherent in the nature of man. This theory, reasonable in itself and abundantly supported by the facts of history, does not in any wise conflict with the equally reasonable supposition, that the precepts of a true revelation would be in accordance with the moral sense of those to whom it might be addressed; that is to say, with the highest reasonings and the best intuitions of the purest and wisest among those who had never had the opportunity of listening to its instructions. It is true, that the acceptance

of it reduces the argument derived from this latter supposition—that a religion possessing marked adaptation to our moral nature must of necessity be divine—from its high rank as a positive proof; and makes the inculcation of a lofty morality a condition precedent, without which the claims of no religion to a heavenly origin can be considered, rather than a claim in itself. But the Christian revelation, so well supplied with other arguments and evidences, can well afford to allow this to take its proper position as an introductory proof.

Independently, however, of its bearing upon the evidences, the agreement between the teachings of the Bible and those of the best heathen moralists is a subject which well repays attention, by its own interest, and by the view which it gives of the different aspects which the same truth may assume, and of the various reasonings by which it may be inferred and enforced.

Of all heathen ethical writings, those of the Greeks and Romans claim the pre-eminence, not only from their superior elegance, but likewise because they are connected with schools of philosophy, instead of being encumbered by a union with mythology, which, partly allegorical and partly traditional in its origin, has never, among any people, been fit to form the foundation of a pure system of morality. The gods of Olympus were indeed worshipped in the earlier ages, not merely by the lower classes, but by men of intellect and culture. Homer and Pindar believed in their existence; and, willingly shutting their eyes to their imperfections, adored their virtues, trusted in them as the defenders of the innocent, and sang immortal hymns in their honor. But, in the centuries immediately preceding the Christian era, these mythical beings held, among men of learning and refinement, a position but little different from that which has been accorded to them in modern times. Their exploits and their attributes were made the subject of graceful verse; were sometimes used to assist the action of the drama; or were introduced by way of illustration in graver writings, with some qualifying clause, such as, “according to the myth,” or “as the story goes.” Per-

haps some dreamy wanderer might still fancy that he heard the voice of the naiad mingling with the sound of her waters, or strive to wed the feminine loveliness of the dryad with the masculine grandeur of the oak; but for actual belief in the ancient marvels, it could be found, if at all, only among the populace.

In those days flourished satire, the natural expression of scorn and disgust, elicited by the unrestrained license of an unbelieving age; for though the idea of an unjust and evil-minded deity, who relentlessly punishes in others the same acts that he himself performs, be incapable of inspiring true reverence, yet dread of the punishment itself had not hitherto been without a wholesome influence in restraining men from crime.

But the office of the satirist, lashing with sharp stroke the vices and follies of the day, sinks to an affinity with that of the public executioner, when compared with the priestly dignity of the philosopher, who, surrounded though he was by the prevailing corruption, dwelt ever in the temple of purity, and loved and honored the abstract ideal of that perfect virtue, of which he could find neither earthly nor heavenly embodiment. Then, in its turn, the absence of any such recognized embodiment called into exercise that tendency to personification, which is shared, though not equally, by the savage and the sage: so that we see the wise and philosophic Cicero writing to his son of the "form" and "countenance, so to speak," of goodness; and quoting an older philosopher, who speaks with enthusiasm of the love which the beauty of wisdom would inspire in the hearts of men, could she but be seen with the eye.

When this intense, disinterested love of virtue thus dwelt in the hearts, not of ignorant mystics, but of learned and eloquent men, we might well expect that it would lead them to the knowledge and promulgation of many valuable truths of practical morality.

Such is indeed the case. Sometimes introduced into writings upon other subjects, and sometimes in treatises wholly devoted to their consideration, may be found pure and lofty

precepts, deduced by cogent reasonings from grand general principles, and enforced by apt illustrations. Often we may meet, in such works, with moral truth, the same in substance as that with which the Scriptures have rendered us familiar, though very differently presented. This difference in the arrangement of truth is, however, an all-important one. The brilliant diamond, most precious of gems, differs from pure carbon, not in the nature, but only in the disposition, of its particles; and thus, by mere variation in the method of its arrangement, the same absolute truth may be made to gain or lose in practical value: so that what in one form would have been disregarded, save by a few, in another may win the admiration of all.

It might be difficult to find a more striking example of this than is furnished by the fact, that the groundwork of that remarkable epitome of duty toward man which has received the well-deserved name of the *golden rule*, is to be found in the writings of the ancient philosophers. The principles upon which it rests, and a rule of conduct derived from them which is eminently just and wise, though destitute of the point and force of the great Christian maxim, may be seen clearly stated in Cicero's valuable little treatise, "*De Officiis*."

In the narrow compass of this small book is contained a wonderful amount of practical moral wisdom; its precepts, with perhaps one or two exceptions, being in conformity with the loftiest Christian standard of purely human duty. Traversing the dim corridors which the Stoics had hewn out through the dark mine of truth, Cicero was well able to distinguish the virgin lustre of the precious ore from the false glitter of stalactite and stalagmite. Keen of intellect and pure of soul, he was equally unlikely to be deceived by those absurdities in which philosophy, questioned of matters which are beyond her sphere, speaks but the oracles of folly; or to be beguiled by those sophistries which owe their chief support to a covert inclination toward sin. Perhaps a slight consideration of the instructions of such a teacher upon the great subject of duty to our neighbor, or to man as man, may be of some value in illustrating, not only the past deficiencies, but the present

capacity for usefulness, of the ancient dissertations upon morals.

Almost at the commencement of the work (lib. i. ch. 7), Cicero, after slightly touching upon the nature and origin of private rights and the respect due to them, argues that justice requires something more than that others should be left undisturbed in the possession of what is peculiarly their own. "Since," he says, "as Plato nobly wrote, we were not born for ourselves alone, but our country claims an interest, our friends an interest, in our birth; and since, according to the Stoics, all things that come into being upon the earth are created for the use of man; but men exist for men's sake, that they might mutually be of use one to another; we ought, therefore, in this to follow nature as our leader, to bring into the common stock such things as are useful to all, and to bind more closely the ties of human society by the interchange of kind offices, by giving, by receiving, by the various occupations of life also, by labor, and the proper use of our possessions."

Thus he lays the only foundation upon which a rule of duty, strictly mutual in its operation, can rest, in the primary equality of mankind; not deriving the principle, however, from the common fatherhood of God, but considering that men must be created for men's sake, because there is not, as in the case of the inferior beings, any higher race upon earth whose interests they can subserve. From this idea he first infers, that it is the duty of every man to promote the general good.

Farther on (lib. i. ch. 16), under the head of "Beneficence," he makes the same principle the basis of duty toward individuals in all the various relationships of life. After mentioning, by way of introduction, the tie of reason and speech which "unites men among themselves," and the differences which separate them from the brute creation, he asserts, that in this widest society of men should vest the right to all things which are not otherwise disposed of by general or local law; and then continues the subject in this manner:—

"Those things seem the common property of all men that

are of the kind of which Ennius gives a single example, which may stand for a large class:—

‘Who kindly guides the wanderer on his way,
Lights, as it were, his torch with friendly ray;
Nor on its bearer doth his own shine less,
When thus its kindling beams another bless.’

By this one illustration he teaches, plainly enough, that whatever can be afforded without loss should be bestowed, even upon a stranger. Wherefore it is, for instance, the common duty of all to grant access to running water, to give permission to kindle fire from fire at will, to offer faithful counsel to those in perplexity; all which services are beneficial to the recipients, and not grievous to the giver. Wherefore, also, we should regard these things, and always contribute something to the common weal. But, since the means of individuals are small, while the number of those who are in need is infinite, our general liberality should be restrained within that limit which Ennius gives, ‘Nor on its bearer doth his own shine less,’ in order that we may have the power to be liberal to those nearer to us.” Cicero then proceeds to consider, in an ascending gradation, the claims to friendly service of our countrymen, our relatives, and, above all, our friends.

Now, the similarity and the differences existing between this detailed and amplified teaching and the simple rule of Christ are plain. At first sight, it is true, the differences may appear more obvious than the similarity; but a slight analysis will show, that a man of enlightened mind, acting in good faith upon Cicero’s instructions, would pursue, in respect to this class of duties, a precisely similar line of conduct with one who should guide his life by the gospel maxim.

The striking peculiarity of the golden rule is its appeal to consciousness. But what consciousness is it to which this call is addressed? Manifestly, not the absolute, existing consciousness of what we ourselves desire at the time; for it seldom happens that the wishes and mutual relations of two individuals so exactly coincide, that the same specific acts of duty or kindness could be desired by both. It is, then, a species of secondary consciousness which is called into action.

We must endeavor to place ourselves in the position of another, and to look at the question of duty from his standpoint. This, however, is but the first step; for we are next obliged to decide what are the rightful claims to service which can be preferred by one in that position. And here we must be guided by our own reason and knowledge, even as the follower of Cicero would be, with this sole advantage, that we attempt to consider the duties in question as our claim instead of our debt; an advantage whose value depends partly upon the fairness with which we make the attempt, and partly upon the power of our imagination, by which alone we can thus merge our own individuality in that of another. Thus it is, that, as both methods of instruction finally leave the inquirer to discover by the exercise of his reason what may be his duty in any particular case, we may suppose that men of equal enlightenment and fairness of mind, proceeding upon either, would arrive at similar conclusions.

The great difference between these methods lies in the fact that the teachings of Christ are addressed more to the heart, while those of Cicero furnish more of guidance to the intellect. This point of dissimilarity is indeed by no means peculiar to the precept under consideration, but forms a grand distinguishing mark between the Christian and the philosophical systems of moral instruction; and in this may be found the especial value of such treatises as Cicero's ethics, to a certain class of minds at the present day.

It was impossible that such works should exert any very powerful influence among the mass, at the time of their composition; for, beside the difficulty of disseminating them, they presupposed a love of virtue which was far from being general, and addressed themselves simply to the desire of attaining excellence, not to those hopes and fears of men which have always been found the most powerful incentives by which they can be urged to take the first steps in moral improvement. On the other hand, Christianity is well adapted to gain the attention of such as are awake only to their own interest by her promises and threatenings, rendered impressive by the most vivid and tremendous imagery. Not often condescend-

ing to argue upon moral points, her apostles tersely and authoritatively utter their precepts, — the orders of the day and words of command to “the army of the living God.” Christianity waits not for the slow decision of the reason, but appeals to the instinctive perceptions and intuitions of the human heart to authenticate and avouch the justice of her commands.

It sometimes happens, however, that these intuitions do not possess their normal strength and activity, being weakened by a disproportionate development of the reasoning powers. Such cases, perhaps more frequent in our time than at any other, must naturally be always rare; yet, when they do occur, the ancient philosophy may be of the greatest service, by presenting moral truth to those powers of the soul which are best able to grasp it. Undoubtedly, such cases should never occur. Undoubtedly, that soul is the best developed and most healthy in its action which gladly welcomes the rays of heavenly light, and needs no artificial intervention to bloom and blossom in its invigorating beams. Yet surely it is well that the feeble plant, which cannot flourish beneath the sunbeams coming down to it directly from the heavens, should be warmed into strength and beauty by those same rays passing through an interposing medium, instead of being left to wither and perish. And who can say that a soul, thus nurtured in the time of its spiritual weakness, may not yet grow up strong and fruitful in the garden of the Lord?

L. E. S.

WE ought to be just as tolerant of an imperfect creed as we are of an imperfect practice. Every thing which can be urged in excuse for the latter may also be pleaded for the former. If the way to Christian action is beset by corrupt habits and misleading passions, the path to Christian truth is overgrown with prejudices, and strewn with fallen theories and rotting systems which hide it from our view. It is quite as hard to think rightly as it is to act rightly, or even to feel rightly. And as all allow that an error is a less culpable thing than a crime or a vicious passion, it is monstrous that it should be more severely punished: it is monstrous, that Christ, who was called the friend of publicans and sinners, should be represented as the pitiless enemy of bewildered seekers of truth. — *Ecce Homo*.

RANDOM READINGS.

TREATMENT OF HENRY WARD BEECHER, AND POLITICAL PREACHING.

REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER is just now the object of a vast deal of virulent criticism. Is he receiving fair treatment? Is it not one of the saddest signs of the times, that, whenever a man of mark is led to change his course of action, or sees reason to make a fresh application of old principles, there are persons without number who immediately cast contempt upon him, if they do not impugn his motives? Their oracle yesterday, he is their pet aversion to-day. All this seems to us very wrong, and very unfavorable to the interests of the truth. We have never regarded Mr. Beecher as a competent guide in Church or State; but just now, as it seems to us, he is not having fair play. We can neither understand nor accept his present position; but we believe that he is a thoroughly honest and earnest man. By the way, the course of the preachers who undertake to instruct their congregations as to the respective merits of the different "policies" does not much commend that sort of pulpit exercise to judicious people. They do a great deal of thinking aloud, which would be much better kept to themselves; and there is seen to be a wide difference between great politico-moral questions, such as the rightfulness or wrongfulness of a war, or the Christian or unchristian character of an institution, and an inquiry as to the wisest and best methods of putting a principle into effect, and a discussion of the character of an accidental or providential ruler. Strongly as we may feel upon matters of party politics, as to which good men are divided; sadly as we may be disappointed in persons and policies; earnestly as we would express ourselves about them on other occasions, we should not feel at liberty to make the sermon or the prayer of the church the vehicles of our expressions. We should be very sorry to belong to a congregation that had been canvassed and num-

bered and posted, like the church of Henry Ward Beecher, to ascertain who was with the President and who was not; and the fact that we chanced for the time to agree with the minister would not make the thing one whit more satisfactory. When Mr. Beecher returned from his vacation, more than the usual crowd assembled, doubtless to hear what he would say about the President and the Congress. He *said nothing*; and it is refreshing to think that the *quid nuncs* went away disappointed. We like practical, earnest, simple preaching on subjects of the day; but just for that Sunday we should have taken an unrighteous satisfaction, we suppose it would have been, had the preacher discoursed upon some theme the farthest possible removed from the hour. Two classes of hearers are little to be desired,—those who cry out “politics!” when the preacher unfolds the right and wrong in social and public relations; and those who come to church to listen for the echo of their own political opinions, and the denunciation of their political opponents. A necessity is sometimes laid upon the minister to offend both these classes. It is a good sign, perhaps, if he altogether satisfies neither; and by some is called extreme, and by others tame.

E.

A SHORT “ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE.”

How many visits does the minister receive from the male portion of the congregation? Who goes to see him besides the treasurer, and the chairman of the standing committee, and the deacons, and the superintendent of the Sunday school. If others and many others, it is well, and you need not read this “address;” if few or none, it is not well. The minister, according to our Puritan notions and traditions, is the presiding officer of the Church; he is not the Church: moreover he needs your sympathy and your friendly counsel. There are laymen in every parish,—busy no doubt, and for this reason not altogether without excuse,—who might do a great deal of good by simply passing a few hours of every year with the clergyman, and yet withhold themselves altogether. Sometimes he hesitates about going to see them, as one naturally will, when the visiting is all on one side. It is indeed the minister's privilege to visit the congregation, even when unsummoned and unsought; but the relation would be greatly aided,

if the feet of the parishioner were even occasionally upon the pastor's threshold. Do not be afraid of using up his time: he can make no better use of a portion of it than in an interchange of thought and feeling with those who habitually attend upon his ministrations. Has he not a right to feel that his position is a very anomalous and unnatural one, when year after year passes, and many of his congregation have never seen the inside of his dwelling? The omission does not proceed from any want of kind feeling. In many cases it is only carelessness, and it will be enough to have called attention to the subject in this "random reading." Do you know where your minister lives? — or did live at the last accounts? E.

A MERCHANT PRINCE OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

JOHN THORNTON, when he grew to man's estate, continued the traditions of his house, and raised the family fortunes. He was, in business, an active merchant, keen in watching opportunities, and skilful in using them. Eminent for other qualities, he never lost the practised eye of the merchant and his watchful observation. In one of his tours in Ireland, undertaken late in life, to recruit, as was his habit, his strength; and also to furnish a holiday, at his own cost, to hard-worked ministers of the gospel, whom he took with him, — he showed the habits which particularly characterized him. Walking out in the early morning, at Cork, he turned down to the harbor, where a number of vessels, laden with tallow, had just come in. A few questions, addressed by him to the persons connected with them, put him in possession of the facts; and, by a stroke of his pen, he made the cargoes his own. By this adventure, he cleared a handsome profit, more than enough to cover the cost of his tour. From the harbor, he and his friend strolled into a nursery-garden, where they fell in with its humble proprietor. The poor man was in great perplexity, sore hampered for want of capital. Mr. Thornton talked to him, ascertained his circumstances, inquired into his character, and, being satisfied, he by another stroke of his pen helped him out of his troubles, and set him fairly on his feet. We give another example, which is creditable to both the persons concerned; and, as it has been imperfectly stated, we now give it as it occurred, derived from the grandson

of one of the parties. There was a young merchant, engaged in business, who attracted Mr. Thornton's notice. A follower of Wesley, he was warmly attached to him, but no less attached to the Church of England, of which he was a sincere admirer. His family was large, but his capital small. The want of capital cramped his business. One day, Mr. Thornton accosted him on the Exchange, and thus addressed him, "John, I have been thinking much of you and your circumstances. I think, if you had a larger capital, you would soon do a better business." The young man admitted that this was true. "Well," added Mr. Thornton, "ten thousand pounds are at your service as a loan. If you prosper, you will repay me. If you don't, you will never hear of the debt." The young merchant thanked him warmly, but begged a few days for consideration; but days passed, and he did not approach Mr. Thornton, who at last addressed him again, and asked him the reason of his silence. "I have been thinking," was the answer, "of your kind offer; but I feel that I must decline it. If I lost your money, I should be very unhappy; and, through the blessing of God, I am now doing a fair business, and had better remain as I am." Such facts illustrate character, and deserve a record.

In these traits we have an epitome of the man, — a mind not remarkable for intellectual power, but full of sound sense, and practical talents well applied. His industry, tact, and knowledge of business, raised him to wealth; and amongst the thriving merchants of the metropolis he soon held a high position. But he is better known for benevolence, to an amount which was in those days rare, and remarkable at any time. This virtue gave him, and justly, the title of Munificent. Large gains brought him large resources; and a large fortune was spent, not in buying lands and building houses, or setting up a costly establishment, displaying the pomp of plate and splendor of entertainment, but in the better luxury of a discriminating benevolence. His charity ranged far and wide as his business: his was the hand of a merchant prince, scattering largesses over England, and across the seas in other lands, where he dropped seeds of good that bore fruit after he was gone. Wilberforce, who observed him carefully, thus speaks of him, "It was by living with great simplicity of intention and conduct in the practice of a Christian life, more than by any superiority of understanding or of knowledge, that John

Thornton rendered his name illustrious. . . . He anticipated the disposition and pursuits of the succeeding generation. He devoted large sums annually to charitable purposes, especially to the promotion of the cause of religion, both in his own and other countries."

Thus, whilst the poor around him partook of his bounty, he supported schemes of education and piety. Young men of promise were sent by him to college: public seminaries were supplied from his purse: the Dissenting Academy of Newport-Pagnell was maintained at his cost for twenty-seven years. After his death, his son Henry was visited by a student from the United States, who had been brought up in a college founded during the heats of the American War, which owed both its origin and support to the liberality of John Thornton and the Earl of Dartmouth. No wonder that his son records this with honest pride, pointing "to an institution containing a hundred and fifty to two hundred scholars in the New World, now spreading its branches in that hemisphere; of which a few hundred pounds, opportunely given by my own parent, sustained the existence."

Another channel, through which John Thornton applied his liberality, was one characteristic of himself. It was costly, but it had great results. It gave comfort to worthy pastors, help to the poor, hospitality to the stranger; and it also promoted religion. His plan was to buy livings, and present them to deserving clergymen; or, when he found clergymen in livings slenderly endowed, starving on narrow incomes, he supplied them with a yearly revenue, that they might give abundant charity, and exercise hospitality. Thus he gave John Newton two hundred pounds a year during his residence at Olney. He transplanted him to St. Mary Woolnoth, which he purchased for him. He furnished an income to another clergyman in a small vicarage in Bedfordshire. He sent yearly sums to the Independent minister at Newport-Pagnell, to supply him with resources for charity, and with books for his studies. He writes to him, "I should not have suspected your business at Oxford, but it is a blessed one; and, when the wheels stick, I hope to be able to supply you with somewhat that will keep them going. I think the expense is heavier than you are aware of." Again: "I am glad you are beginning a Sunday-school: when you want assistance, you know where to come for it: when you want money, remember I am your banker, and draw freely." Another mode of

charity adopted by him was practical and novel. When he took his holiday, he carried with him some hard-worked ministers, Dissenters or clergymen, to the coast to recruit their strength, entertaining them as his guests.—*From "Wilberforce and his Friends."*

HUMAN NATURE, A NOBLE AND BEAUTIFUL THING.

Now, mind you this, first, that I speak either about kings or masses of men with a fixed conviction that human nature is a noble and beautiful thing; not a foul nor a base thing. All the sin of men I esteem as their disease, not their nature; as a folly which may be prevented, not a necessity which must be accepted. And my wonder, even when things are at their worst, is always at the height which this human nature can attain. Thinking it high, I find it always a higher thing than I thought it; while those who think it low find it, and will find it, always lower than they thought it,—the fact being that it is infinite, and capable of infinite height and infinite fall. But the nature of it,—and here is the faith which I would have you hold with me,—the *nature* of it is in the nobleness, not in the catastrophe.

Take the faith in its utmost terms. When the captain of the "London" shook hands with his mate, saying, "God speed you! I will go down with my passengers," *that* I believe to be "human nature." He does not do it from any religious motive, from any hope of reward, or any fear of punishment; he does it because he is a man. But when a mother, living among the fair fields of merry England, gives her two-year-old child to be suffocated under a mattress in her inner room, while the said mother waits and talks outside, *that* I believe to be *not* human nature. You have the two extremes there shortly. And you, men and mothers, who are here face to face with me to-night, I call upon you to say which of these is human and which inhuman,—which "natural" and which "unnatural." Choose your creed at once, I beseech you; choose it with unshaken choice,—choose it for ever. Will you take, for foundation of act and hope, the faith that this man was such as God made him, or that this woman was such as God made her? Which of them has failed from their nature,—from their

present, possible, actual nature ; not their nature of long ago, but their nature of now ? Which has betrayed it, falsified it ? Did the guardian, who died in his trust, die inhumanly and as a fool ? and did the murderess of her child fulfil the law of her being ? Choose, I say. Infinitude of choices hang upon this. You have had false prophets among you, — for centuries you have had them, solemnly warned against them though you were ; false prophets who have told you that all men are nothing but fiends or wolves, half beast, half devil. Believe that, and indeed you may sink to that. But refuse that, and have faith that God “made you upright,” though you have sought out many inventions, so you will strive daily to become more what your Maker meant and means you to be, and daily gives you also the power to be ; and you will cling more and more to the nobleness and virtue that is in you, saying, “My righteousness I hold fast, and will not let it go.” — *Ruskin*.

TRUE CATHOLICITY.

MRS. WILBERFORCE was, like her brother Mr. Thornton, catholic in her views of religion : she drew no distinction between church and chapel : she followed as her guide any preacher who could benefit her. At one time, Newton ; then Berridge, Whitefield the Methodist, or Bull the Independent. She corresponded with Newton, and to her several of his letters in the “Cardiphonia” are addressed. She turned often to Mr. Bull for advice ; and, in her declining years, for consolation. Both she and her brother, when Mr. Bull accompanied them on their tours, threw open their rooms to receive an audience ; and Mr. Thornton encouraged Mr. Bull to itinerate as a missionary through England, and to preach wherever he could find an open door.

But, to any persons who are inclined to notice these habits, either by way of imitation or censure, it is right to point out the peculiar circumstances of these times. Then first, after a long stupor, religious feeling had revived in England, and the revival was met by the strongest popular resistance. It was natural that those who were the subjects of these new impressions should draw closer in sympathy to each other ; and that, while they felt themselves animated by a new life, they should attach themselves to

those who proved by their actions that they were moved by the same sentiments. When they found themselves cast off by general society, and treated as though they were lepers and outcasts, it was natural that they should regard each other as kindred, overlook the circumstances which separated them, and acknowledge a common bond. It was vain to tell old Berridge that Whitefield was a sectary, and should be driven out of his parish for not duly observing the rubric. Whitefield and Berridge preached the same truths, and were tarred and feathered with the same popular opprobrium. It was idle to tell the poet Cowper or Newton, that their neighbor, Mr. Bull, was a dangerous Dissenter. The Dissenter taught in the ugly Bethesda of Newport-Pagnell the same truths which Newton preached, and Cowper heard, from the pulpit of the church at Olney. It mattered little to John Thornton whether he gave his contributions to Newton or Bull, or took with him in his rounds of leisure Dr. Congers the clergyman, or Rowland Hill who taught in the Tabernacle. Hence arose a curious compound, which in these days might occasion some distaste. In 1782, Mr. Thornton visited Hastings, and hired a house for his preaching friends, in which they might lodge and hold their services: there gathered Dr. Congers, Newton, and Mr. Bull. "We had a delightful meeting last night," writes the Dissenter. "Mr. Newton preached in Mr. Thornton's house to about thirty." In the services, held every night and morning, clergymen and Dissenters took part. "Your visit was a refreshing time to all of us," writes Mrs. Wilberforce to Mr. Bull. Another time, Mr. Thornton arrives at Ilfracombe with Mr. Bull. In the morning, they attend church; in the evening, the Independent preaches in a house to several hundred persons. Another autumn they go to Yarmouth; and on this occasion the Dissenter is united with clergymen, with Messrs. Foster, Storry, and Venn. Mr. Foster preaches in the church, and Mr. Bull sits as a hearer. In the Independent and Wesleyan chapels of Norwich and Yarmouth, Mr. Bull officiates, and four clergymen and four dissenting ministers are his hearers. Nay, so entirely were old differences laid aside, that the Independent minister, stout Calvinist though he was, admired the writings of Madame Guyon, hung her portrait over his chimney, and asked his friend Cowper to translate her verses. Such was the prevailing sentiment in Mr. Thornton's times. But these times did not last; for, when the

flood of religious feeling began to sink, men found out wherein they differed. When the waters are out, inequalities vanish; when the waters subside, hillocks re-appear; and disputants plant their feet on these, and count them great heights.—*From "Wilberforce and his Friends."*

The following description of nature in Australia will give some idea of Mr. Hervey's versification:—

"It is a summer eve! the gorgeous west
Lights into flame the ocean's heaving breast;
The sun has rested from his march on high,
But left his glowing banner in the sky:
And far and wide it flings its crimson fold
O'er clouds that float in purple and in gold,
Or, piled around his rich pavilion, lie
In thousand shapes, to fancy's curious eye.
The very air is radiant with the glow;
The billows dance in liquid light below;
The splendors rest upon the woods of pine,
And jewelled mountains in their brightness shine;
While earth sends flashing back the glory lent,
In thousand colors, to the firmament.

The falcon pauses in his midway flight,
And turns him eastward from the dazzling light;
Along the valleys strides the vast emu,
And o'er the waters wanders the curlew;
The pelican, upon his dizzy steep,
Looks proudly down along the glowing déep;
While herons spread their plumes o'er coral graves,
Or fall, like snow-drifts, on the buoying waves.
Far off, the white-winged eagle sails on high,
And nestles half-way 'twixt the earth and sky,
Above the archer's ken, and arrow's flight,
Rocked on the Eucalyptus' towering height,—
Whose healing leaves weep balsam on the ground,
And fling their sighs of fragrance all around.
O'er many an inland lake, with swelling breast,
And scarlet-painted beak, and golden crest,
The mourning swan in dark-eyed beauty rides,
Or spreads his jetty plumage o'er the tides,
Along whose bank resounds the far halloo
Of tribes that chase the graceful kangaroo,
Or lurk for vengeance in some covert way,
And rush from ambush on their startled prey."

"DROWNED, DROWNED!"

WE read every week of lives lost by drowning; and it is painful to reflect, that most of the lives thus lost might be saved, if proper and skilful means of resuscitation were promptly used. In Holland, where this subject has been made a matter of more profound investigation, drowned persons are said to be restored after being an hour in the water. Life, probably, is never "extinct" within that time. Its functions are only suspended, and the organism is all uninjured, if only we knew enough to put it in play again. And yet in this country, we have been told, drowned persons are seldom restored after an immersion of fifteen or twenty minutes. We extract the following from an exchange, which contains the best directions we know of:—

THE TREATMENT OF DROWNED PERSONS.—At this season of the year when accidents by water are common, the Humane Society of this State issue, in the form of cards, a description of the means to be employed in the resuscitation of drowned persons. They are as follows:—

- I. Send with all speed for medical aid, for articles of clothing, blankets, &c.
- II. Treat the patient on the spot, in the open air, exposing the face and chest freely to the breeze, except in too cold weather.
- III. Place the patient gently on the face (to allow any fluids to flow from the mouth).
- IV. Then raise the patient into a sitting posture, and endeavor to excite respiration,—
 1. By snuff, hartshorn, &c., applied to the nostrils;
 2. By irritating the throat by a feather or the finger;
 3. By dashing hot and cold water alternately on the face and chest. If there be no success, lose no time, but—
- V. Replace the patient on his face, his arms under his head, that the tongue may fall forward, and leave the entrance into the windpipe free; and that any fluids may flow out of the mouth: then—
 1. Turn the body gradually but completely on the side, and a little more; and then again on the face, alternately (to induce inspiration and expiration).
 2. When replaced, apply pressure along the back and ribs; and then remove it (to induce further expiration and inspiration), and proceed as before.
 3. Let these measures be repeated gently, deliberately, but efficiently and perseveringly, sixteen times a minute only. Continuing these measures, rub all the limbs and the trunk upwards with warm hands; making firm pressure, energetically. Replace the wet clothes by such other covering, &c., as can be procured.

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

SOCIETIES FOR MUTUAL HELP constitute one of the most useful institutions of the French. From a late work, published in Paris, we translate a few facts, pertaining to their origin, design, and extent. They date from 1780, when was founded the *Société Philanthropique de Paris*. Before the close of the century, they numbered forty-five; in 1830, there were one thousand eight hundred and forty-eight of them. At present there are, as is estimated, about five thousand, enrolling half a million of members, and a hundred thousand honorary associates. Their annual receipts amount to over ten millions of francs, and they have a reserve capital of rising twenty-five millions of francs.

The rapid extension of these *Sociétés de Secours Mutuels* gives interest to some account of their design. They are organized and managed by work-people, in the large cities and towns of France. By the annual payment of a small sum, each member is entitled to a certain weekly allowance in case of sickness, stoppage of work, or any cause that shuts off the laborer's support. Each society, to give it security and character, has honorary associates from men of wealth and the highest respectability in its neighborhood, who attend the society's meetings, and take part in its management; nor is it the least of the many advantages of these organizations that the rich and the poor are brought together in an intercourse that is useful to both. The moral influence of these institutions has been everywhere marked. The desire of membership has led to a prudent economy, that has taken thousands from the tippling and gaming houses. The fact of a security against the necessity that so often presses hardly, has given them a sense of character and self-respect. The knowledge that is kept up of each other's condition and needs makes the society like a family. The rewards of labor in France are but just enough for a support while in health. In case of sickness or want of employment, the inevitable consequences hitherto have been debt, severe struggles, impossibility to keep head above water, insolvency, loss of character, tippling, and ruin. This long train of evils is prevented in thousands of cases. One of the features of many of these societies is specially worthy of notice. They have what they call the *loan of honor*. If a workman of established character for temperance, industry, and integrity, needs money, it is loaned to him on the security of his

word alone ; and this is regarded by all parties as a distinguishing honor, which has stimulated to exertion, and has led but in very few cases to losses. Women, excluded for the most part from these societies, have organized similar institutions among themselves. Of these there are more than twelve thousand in the empire. The experiment has been eminently successful. Their fiscal concerns have been well managed ; and their capacity of doing business, holding office, and voting, has been placed beyond a question.

In reviewing these facts, the question has arisen whether similar societies might not be of use in our country. The superior rewards of labor, and the success of our savings banks, render such institutions less necessary with us ; but we have hinted at other advantages which we might secure. At any rate, it is gratifying to see their beneficent influence in France. In many ways, the French laborer is fast gaining the upper hand of the English laborer. The former seems to have a finer nature, and rarely falls to the brutalizing indulgences so common in England ; and these help-societies are one of the many causes that are lifting up and carrying onward the mass of the French people.

THE ownership of one of the great attractions in Rome has lately changed hands. The *Palazzo Farnese*, confessedly the finest specimen of architecture in Rome, built of the ruins of the Coliseum, and designed by Michael Angelo, has been purchased by the French emperor. The Farnese family, descended from the nephew of Pope Paul III., and whom, as the guilty agents in the spoliation of the Coliseum, "every traveller," as Gibbon says, "should curse for the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes," became extinct a hundred and thirty-five years ago. This magnificent palace then became the property of the King of Naples and his successors ; and the ex-king has now sold it to Louis Napoleon, who, we suppose, comes in possession of all its masterpieces of art, by Guido, the Caracci, Domenichino, Vasari, and others.

AN article in the *Revue Britannique* gives some interesting details of the progress of the tunnel under Mont Cenis. Nine machine perforators are at work with their steel drills, which strike the rock, each one, about two hundred times each minute. There are one thousand workmen employed at each end, boring to a common centre. These workmen are divided into gangs that work eight hours each ; and the process goes on night and day, and

every day of the week, Easter Sunday and Christmas being the only interruptions. Thus far the geological structure of the mountain has corresponded with the expectations of the eminent men of science who planned the undertaking; and in four years, that is, by the first of January, 1870, it is expected that this gigantic enterprise will be completed. It must be regarded, next to the Atlantic cable, as the greatest achievement of the age.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Royal Truths, by Henry Ward Beecher, is a volume of about the size of "Life Thoughts," republished by Ticknor & Fields. It is made up of bright and beautiful things, culled from Mr. Beecher's printed discourses; generally suggestive, and vastly stimulative to the faculty of meditation. It has a capital likeness of the author; and a preface, written by him, detailing the curious history of the original editor of the book. Mr. Beecher first met with it in England, where he first found, to his great surprise, that he was the author of such a book; and where it had passed through six editions. An English compiler had culled the extracts, and was thus prospering largely on his stolen capital. Mr. Beecher reclaims his own; and the present volume, full of the gushings of poetic prose, is now given to American readers.

The Poems of Thomas Kibble Hervey, edited by Mrs. T. K. Hervey; with a Memoir. Ticknor & Fields.

We give in the "Random Readings" an extract from one of the largest poems in the book, entitled "Australia." In the music of language, Mr. Hervey is the rival of Moore and Campbell. In melody and in brilliancy of coloring, "Australia" reminds us of "The Pleasures of Hope;" and it gives the reader, in glowing sunlight, the magnificent scenery of the South-Sea Isles. There are many charming lyrics among the minor pieces, which show both exquisite taste and genuine inspiration.